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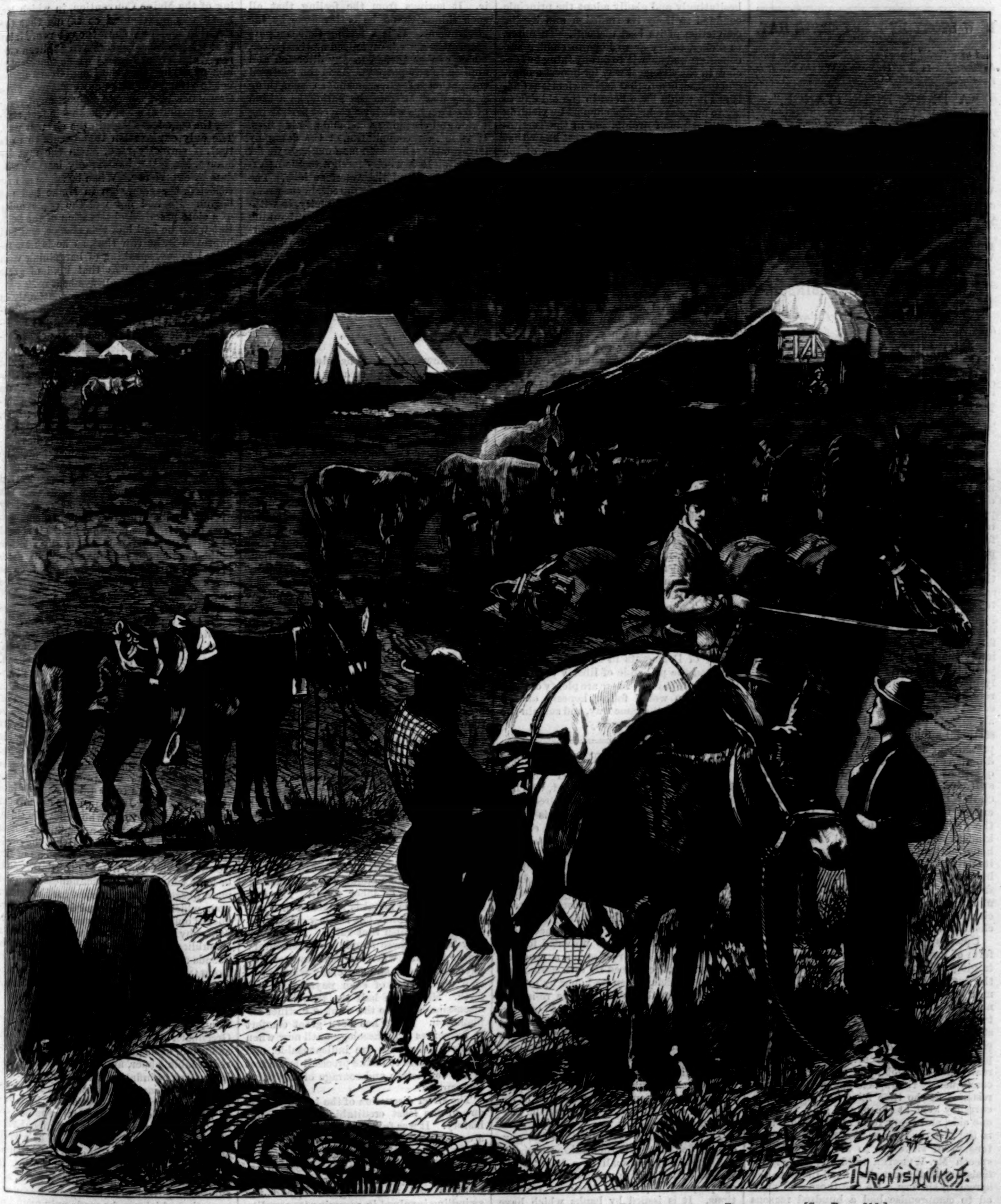

PACK-MULE TRAIN OF A GOVERNMENT SURVEYING PARTY IN COLORADO.—Drawn by Pranishnikoff from Photographs.—[See Page 810.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 12, 1878.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW STORY.

The opening chapter of

"VIXEN,"

a new Serial Story by Miss Braddon, *will be found in this Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NEW STORY BY MARY CECIL HAY.

A new Serial Story by this popular author will begin in No. 1138 *of* Harper's Weekly. *It is entitled*

"A DARK INHERITANCE,"

and our readers will find it to be a story of great interest.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains, with other interesting matters, a spirited double-page engraving representing* General Szapary's *Retreat to Doboj, in Bosnia.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

NEW STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

A brilliant new Serial Story, of absorbing interest, entitled

"COWARD CONSCIENCE,"

by the popular Novelist F. W. Robinson, *author of "Grandmother's Money," "Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity," etc., will begin in* Harper's Bazar, *No. 42.*

THE SITUATION.

AMID the uncertainties of the present political situation it is pleasant and most encouraging to see that parties are once more dividing upon a clearly defined principle. For some years our politics have been personal and traditional. The platforms have substantially declared the same purposes, and the main object has been to preserve efficient party organization against the day of a real difference. The sectional issues which have been proposed have failed to interest or arouse the country. Mere apprehension of plans of extortion and raids upon the Treasury has not sufficed as a platform, because of the fact that such raids imply enormous taxation, and it is not supposed that any party which should immensely increase the public burdens would long retain popular support. There is undoubtedly a very general feeling that much of the attempt to prolong old issues by exciting sectional animosity is insincere, and, in the presence of actual and vital and aggressive differences, to insist upon making unreal questions prominent would but insure the swift destruction of the party that attempted it. The question before the country is one of the highest principle. It involves the welfare of labor and enterprise of every kind, as well as the national character and honor. It supersedes all others, because, by its nature, it concerns the moral bonds that hold society together. Public dishonor and falsehood imply and promote private demoralization, and the man who cheats as a citizen will be very much more willing to cheat as a merchant or a mechanic.

Upon this issue, which takes the practical form of keeping the public faith and maintaining an honest currency, the elections of the autumn are really to be decided. There may be candidates of three different party names in the field, but they represent only two sides of the main question. One side stands for the inflexible maintenance of the principle that honest debt shall be honestly paid, and that honest currency is based upon real value, and not upon an assertion, and consequently that specie payments must be resumed at the time fixed by law, and the currency kept at the par of gold. This is one side, and every form of opposition to it is the other. It is as it was with the extension of slavery. In his 7th of March speech Mr. Webster tried to "hedge" by insisting that nature had fixed limits to the spread of slavery. He and those who wished to compromise had a hundred reasons why it was unwise to insist by law that slavery should be territorially restrained. It is unnecessary to impeach the motives of any of the great actors in that great contest. But nothing is plainer than that it had reached a stage when every kind of hesitation, or quibble, or evasion, or attempted compromise upon one side was but a fatal surrender to the other. One or the other tendency must prevail. Each could truly say, Whoever is not with us is against us. That is the situation to-day. The difference between Mr. Thurman and General Butler is not essential, however finely it may be discriminated. They are both representatives in different degrees of the same tendencies. The end of these tendencies is repudiation, inflation, dishonor, and ruin. All who flout public honor as a silly name, all who think that law can make value, all who desire general confusion and mischief, are on the side of Thurman and Butler.

The position of the Republican party in this contest is therefore determined. To succeed, or to deserve success, it must unhesitatingly and gladly adopt the principle confided to it by its tradition and by the conviction of its best element. To falter, to dicker, to try or to hope to chaffer and conciliate and outwit, to do any thing but declare in the strongest way for honest money, and to stick fast to that declaration, is as foolish as it would have been in the old day to try to buy slave-holding support by yielding the principle of prohibition in the Territories. The slave-holding interest knew that it had no support in the conscience of the Republican party, and therefore that the party must be defeated if the slave-holding policy were to prevail. The repudiating interest knows that it has no support in the real convictions of the Republican party, and therefore, whatever its professions, repudiation will defeat Republicanism wherever it can. Any attempt at conciliation it would despise as cowardice and the confession of weakness, while such an attempt would at once alienate those who support Republicanism because they believe it to mean honesty in maintaining the national faith and a sound currency. Nothing whatever can be gained for the party by timidity. Every thing that is doubtful will be won to it by courage. We observe that the Buffalo *Express* says that it would gladly make an alliance with Greenbackers in the Assembly in this State in order to defeat a Democrat for the Senate of the United States. But of what conceivable use in the contest against the Greenback madness could a Greenback Republican be? The Democrats are mainly to be opposed in this contest because of the Greenback absorption of the party. How is this to be thwarted by a man who holds their views? Republicanism to-day does not mean opposition to the extension of slavery, nor a vigorous prosecution of the war, nor reconstruction upon equal rights: it means uncompromising hostility to repudiation, shin-plasters, and ruin, which are all contained in the Greenback movement. The more plainly this is made manifest to the country, the more willingly will all those who desire honesty in managing this question support the party. There were plenty of Democrats in 1844 and 1848 who followed the principle of liberty out of the Democratic party. There are plenty of them to-day who would follow honesty out of their party in the same way, and sustain the party that sustains honesty.

PAPER CURRENCY.

The demand that the paper currency shall be issued by the government, which is one of the chief planks of the Greenback platform, seems plausible until it is examined. The actual greenbacks are a currency of necessity. They were issued because the government in dire extremity had no other resource. They were, in fact, a forced loan. The government authorized debtors to pay debts with them, and itself promised to pay honest dollars to every one who took them. Their issue was justified by the Supreme Court on the ground of necessity. The government has now provided for the redemption of its promise on a specified day, but it has confused its own action and thrown suspicion upon its honor by providing also that the notes may be re-issued. It is argued that if the notes are so convenient and so excellent, and if they are so much better than bank-notes, they ought to take the place of bank-notes, and the government should issue as many as Congress may think necessary for the wants of the country. The same argument would apply to the management of railroads and of every kind of trade and industry by the government.

The proposition is really that the government shall go into the banking business, and that Congress shall be a board of directors with absolute powers. Paper money properly represents business transactions. It is issued by banks which have capital to loan. But the government has no capital to loan. It is not a trader. It is not a producer. It has no money except that which it collects in taxes and which it pays out for its expenses, and it is its duty to keep taxes and expenses at the lowest practicable amount. If it issues notes, it is because it wishes to borrow, and because taxation will not serve. But a bank issues notes because it wishes to lend. If Congress is to authorize the issue of as many paper promises to pay as it chooses, what possible security can there be that it will be governed by commercial and not by political considerations? and if it authorizes an issue larger than can be redeemed, what is to prevent a stoppage of payment and limitless inflation? Money represents capital. But what capital has the government? If the United States are to go into the banking business, why not into other business?

Indeed, this question touches the difficulty. The real support of government issue of paper currency is essentially communistic. It springs from the feeling that all such things would be better done by the government. It is a feeling that the government is a great organized motive power, which can be turned in any direction and applied to any purpose. It is the confused conception of government as something wholly distinct from the nation, as a kind of good genius which we can set to drawing water and chopping wood and making fires. It is, in fact, communism, or the doing by government what each man ought to do for himself. It is wholly foreign to the American instinct and the American idea. The true American policy is to redeem the promises made in the hour of extremity, to withdraw the government from the banking business, and to leave the amount of currency to be determined by the legitimate wants of trade, which can properly manifest themselves through demands upon the banks, but can not possibly be known in their constant variations by members of Congress.

"COIN."

The New York *Times* has done excellent service in clearly and steadily exposing the dangerous juggle of the word coin in the pending financial discussion. The real and moral significance of the words specie payment is payment in coin of unvarying value, and the only sound and simple principle is that a paper currency shall be always redeemable in coin at the pleasure of the holder, and that both coin and currency shall be kept at par with gold, the standard of the commercial world. Insistence upon the word coin without a distinct explanation is in itself suspicious. To use it as a word designating metals of unequal value as if they were equal is a simple deception. To speak of keeping the national faith by paying a dollar in "coin" worth only ninety cents is disgraceful. It is, in fact, repudiation to the exact amount of the difference, and repudiation of ten cents in a dollar differs only in degree from repudiation of a hundred cents in a dollar. The false and intentionally misleading use of the word coin is but the first step toward "fiat" money. There can be no safety out of the straight path. When we begin to use the word coin because we wish to express something less than the par of gold, we begin to say that we wish to repudiate a little.

The laws of compensation and value are in this sense of course absolute and inexorable. A medium or money of lower value than the standard can only pay for its equivalent. A coin worth only ninety cents will not buy a hundred cents' worth, any more than a paper bill worth the same amount. The law may compel a man to take it in payment for a debt of a hundred cents, but the law can go no farther. It can not compel a man to give a hundred cents' worth of bread, or meat, or labor for it. The fact that the coin is metal is evidence of a certain intrinsic value, but the law can not increase or diminish that value. It is necessary to bear these simple and elementary truths in mind when we hear and read of payment in coin, and especially when a solemn declaration of such payment is put forth. More than half the trouble in the discussion is due to the want of distinct explanation. There has been great comfort in vagueness of phraseology until now when explicit definitions are indispensable, and the willingness to define precisely is the test of the conviction and courage of any party Convention.

The silver discussion of the last session is one of the least creditable events in our history. It was full of an actual ignorance, a cowardly evasion and silence, and of palpable fallacies, which are the shame of our statesmanship. The steady refusal to acknowledge the facts in regard to silver, its changed and fluctuating value, and the swindling involved in assuming its equality with gold, are in the highest degree discreditable. It is part of the policy of pandering to ignorance and prejudice upon a question which is in its nature difficult and unfamiliar to the majority of readers and voters. It is a disposition which is shown in another way by the demand for taxation of the bonds, a cry often raised, as in the case of Butler, by those who have themselves furnished the plainest statements of the truth that the bonds are practically taxed by the low rates of interest which they pay to holders. It is all part of the demagogism now especially observable in politics—the skillful abuse of ignorance by unscrupulous knowledge.

REPUBLICANISM.

An "anxious inquirer" asks us how we reconcile what Mr. Hale, of Maine, now says about the Republicans and the greenbacks with what he said before the election. We presume that our correspondent refers to a report in the *Tribune*, just before the meeting of the Maine Convention, in which Mr. Hale was represented as saying that the Republicans would show the voters of Maine that the greenbacks were a Republican currency, and a recent report which represented him as saying that the Republicans ought not to attempt to make any overtures to the Greenback party, nor to support any Greenbacker to defeat a Republican—in fact, stating the soundest views in the clearest way. The only explanation that occurs to us is that, if correctly reported in the first instance, Mr. Hale has rapidly learned wisdom by experience. When he spoke as first reported, the campaign in Maine had not begun. He had not had the opportunity of a close practical observation of the field. But when he had had this chance, and had improved it, he saw that, as he is now reported to say, speaking of bargaining with the Greenbackers, "At that kind of game the Democrats could always beat us."

This is a truth to be borne constantly in mind. Each Republican Congressional Convention should remember it, and not be seduced or deceived by the action or the declarations of other Republicans elsewhere. It is impossible to make a new party, and it is unnecessary. The Democratic party is disappearing in the Greenback party. There can be but a single contest upon a paramount question. As we have said elsewhere, it is simply for or against. In Massachusetts the Butler Greenback party has captured the Democratic organization. The Faneuil Hall Democrats are excellent gentlemen, but, according to all the received usages and traditions of party, they are not formally or actually the Democratic party of their State. In every Congressional district in this State and other States it should be distinctly understood that the Republican is the hard-money candidate; and the more pronounced, the better. It should be as much a matter of course as that formerly the Republican was the antislavery candidate.

Mr. Hale's frank expression of difference with Mr. Gorham, the secretary of the Republican Congressional Committee, is excellent. Mr. Gorham has announced himself to be practically a Greenback Republican. Now if, as Mr. Hale justly holds, the financial question is the commanding issue, it would be interesting to know his views of the Republicanism of a gentleman who is unsound upon the main question. To revert again to old Republican days, how would it have answered to have a secretary of a Republican Congressional Committee who was opposed to the Wilmot proviso, or in favor of allowing slaves to be taken as such into the Territories? If it be wise to commit the care of causes to those who believe in them, is it wise for a party or a committee which holds Mr. Hale's views to intrust the sending out of documents to a gentleman of Mr. Gorham's views? What is the party sense or logic which considers soundness upon the main question before the country a matter upon which every kind and degree of difference of opinion is to be allowed? It was evident why Mr. Toombs was not considered a Republican; but were Mr. Fillmore and his friends any more truly Republican? If Mr. Gorham be, for instance, as good a Republican as Mr. Hale, how can the Republican properly be called the anti-Greenback and honest-money party? For in this discussion it must be remembered that the word Greenback describes the policy of anti-resumption, of fiat and absolute money, or irredeemable paper, and all the earlier and later steps of inflation and repudiation. It is useless to say that a man does not mean repudiation when his views are the views of those who openly proclaim repudiation. Mr. Thurman's substitution of greenbacks for national bank notes seems to be a very slight deflection; but, under the circumstances, its end is irredeemable paper. It shows a radical financial fallacy, for it assumes the government to be a bank—an assumption which can be made only upon the unsoundest theory of what a bank is. If, therefore, a man may hold the views of Mr. Thurman and yet be a Republican, what is the meaning of the word Republican as applied to the existing political situation? If a man may hold Greenback views and still be a good Republican, it can only be under an estimate of the situation which does not regard the financial question as the supreme issue before the country.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

On the paramount issue of the hour the New York Republican Convention has taken position with the Republican Administration. It demands a currency convertible at the par of the commercial world, and no postponement of the fixed day of resumption. The changes of the situation within the year, and the plain drift of the party to become the representative of honest finance against inflation and ruin, brought the Convention into practical accord with those who stand by the Administration in its stand for financial good faith. The speech of Mr. Conkling in its financial part was almost a reproduction of the President's speeches in the West. The other part of it excited less interest. It was free from sarcastic innuendo, and in general commanded the hearty applause of all sides in the Convention. The evasion of all allusion in the speech to the Administration, which is doing so well the financial work that the speech demanded, was of course puerile, and it was equally so in the platform. But the platform, like the speech, was clear of insult, and as it asserted the true currency doctrine, no Republican, whatever his feeling for the Administration, could refuse his assent. Then the harmony demanded by both the preliminary conferences was achieved, not, indeed, without great concessions on both sides, but concessions resulting in the recognition of the Republican party as the party of resumption at the time fixed, and of a currency at the par of the commercial world. If the Congressional Conventions will now make the same unequivocal declaration, the party will once more appear to every patriotic Republican as the party of a great principle.

THE POLITICS OF OUR NEIGHBOR.

The politics of our neighbor Canada are usually very imperfectly understood by us, and excite little interest. But general attention has been recently directed to the Dominion by the false report of some extraordinary proposition made by our Government in connection with the payment of the Halifax award, and by the result of the election and the total defeat of the present ministry. This result is interpreted as an approval of the protective policy of Sir John Macdonald, whom the election brings into power as the head of the ministry. It is a singular fact that at an election which showed the whole country so favorable to Sir John he was rejected by his own city of Kingston, which had chosen him as its representative for thirty-four years. He has, however, been elected by a district in Manitoba, and he will therefore have the necessary seat in Parliament. It is understood that his policy will be one which will change the present freedom of entry from the United States, and that the election has been carried by the general conviction in Canada that under the existing system it is at great disadvantage as compared with us. Not the least surprising fact is the support of Sir John Macdonald by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is well known as one of the strongest friends of the freest and most friendly intercourse with the United States. It shows how deep must be the dissatisfaction with the present management of affairs that so intelligent a Liberal should assist its overthrow.

The authority conceded by England to Canada in the regulation of duties seems to be a grant of virtual independence. The Dominion is at liberty to adopt such a tariff as it may choose, and, if it should see fit, to make a Zollverein or customs union with the United States. This was very much what the United States were said to have proposed in the correspondence upon the Halifax award. Canada was substantially to adopt our tariff and to be commercially annexed. There were obvious difficulties arising from excise duties and British foreign treaties, but as the report of such a proposition turned out to be wholly unfounded, as no letter had been sent by our Government, speculation ceased.

The natural policy of the Dominion is the closest and most friendly relation with this country. It is practically independent, but national feeling is always strong in a colony or a dependency among the same blood and race. The immediate neighborhood of a great power like the United States necessarily affects the political condition of the Dominion. The tendency toward union and even absorption is violently resisted by the Tory or aristocratic element, and the coincidence of a Tory triumph and the arrival of the Queen's daughter as wife of the Governor-General indicates a strong reaction against the policy of approach to the Union. The effect of the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, as the successor of Lord Dufferin, is yet to be seen. But there can be no doubt that it will tend to confirm the feeling indicated by the election. We are glad that the election, the coming of the Princess, and the rumors in regard to the negotiations following the Halifax award have excited so general an interest in our neighbor. A state of the same general origin and dominant race as our own, situated upon our continent, speaking the same language, and cherishing the same old historic traditions, is a state with whose politics and general life we ought to be much more familiar than we are. It will be a striking fact if the presence of a princess in Canada shall make the Dominion more interesting to the Great Republic.

PROSPECTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

We referred very briefly last week to the admirable order in which Republican Massachusetts enters upon the campaign. The Convention was representative of the various good elements of the party, the platform was most sound and courageous, and the candidates nominated worthy of Massachusetts and of Massachusetts Republicans. The proceedings of the Convention, which were received with the utmost satisfaction by all who wish the party name to stand for what is best in political movements and public measures, were followed by the address of the State Committee, and by the comprehensive and conclusive speech of Senator Hoar. The Republican campaign is to be prosecuted in the spirit of this beginning, and every day and night until the election, and in every part of the State, the work is to be pushed with the utmost vigor. The claims of General Butler, who offers himself as a candidate peculiarly representative of administrative purity and economy, will be thoroughly examined and illustrated by his career. He invites by his position, as we have said, a personal campaign, and his invitation will doubtless be accepted. He has destroyed at one blow the late Democratic organization in the manner that we described last week. The Faneuil Hall Democrats—the name is of good omen—must acquiesce in the Worcester Butler Democratic State Committee, which is undeniably regular, or they must appoint a committee of their own, which would be but a sign of the rupture of the party. The Republicans of Massachusetts are to be congratulated upon the aspect of the contest. They have promptly accepted the situation, and give battle upon the one great issue of the hour. The address of their committee, like the speech of Mr. Hoar, appeals to the patriotism and the conscience of all good citizens. Both recognize that the circumstances invite the co-operation of those who have not hitherto been known as Republicans to join with Republicans to save the national honor, as in the war they united with them to save the national life. We can see no good reason why they should not do it. The only real ground of hesitation may be the doubt whether the party in Massachusetts speaks for the national Republican party. But Democrats have seen certainly for many a year that the real Republican drift and sentiment could nowhere be better studied than in Massachusetts. And it is very pleasant to observe this year that the Bay State and the Prairie and Lake States of Wisconsin and Michigan are fully agreed. Their platforms are sound upon every financial point.

The result in Massachusetts will show how far the Greenback taint has affected Republicans. The friends of General Butler count upon a very large vote, thirty-five thousand of which is to be drawn from the Republicans. We shall be much surprised if this estimate should prove to be correct. The Butler Democratic vote will certainly be very large, as is indicated by his strength at the Democratic primaries. But he did not disturb the Republicans at any point, and the distinct and forcible censure of him in the Republican platform shows unmistakably how heartily glad the party is to be rid of a member whose identification with it was a stigma. The contest is peculiarly personal. The persons nominated for the other leading offices have refused to accept. But it must be remembered that every form of discontent will express itself by a vote for Butler. His force is therefore negative as well as positive. The vote for Talbot and Long, most worthy representatives of the good old cause, will show the patriotic and intelligent strength of Massachusetts.

PERSONAL.

Daniel P. Stone, of Malden, Massachusetts, who died a few days since, bequeathed $1,000,000 to benevolent institutions, and $100,000 to his pastor.

—Edmund Yates, in a recent number of the London *World*, alludes to Earls Rosebery and Dunraven, both well known in New York, as proprietors of and writers in certain London weekly journals. Lord Rosebery he says is "good all round," and the time he can devote to journalism, after giving due attention to matrimony, the House of Lords, managing his estate, and running his racers, will be well employed.

—James H. Slater, the new United States Senator from Oregon, is an old settler, having gone thither when the Territory was almost a wilderness. He is an Illinois man, fifty-two years of age, and a lawyer of prominence for many years. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, and subsequently of the State Legislature, and in 1870 was elected to Congress, serving one term. He defines himself as a Democrat, opposed to inflation, but in favor of substituting greenbacks for national bank notes.

—Admiral Porter devotes the proceeds of his literary labors to clearing away the debt upon the naval monument to Peace, at Washington. The admiral himself drew the design for the monument, which cost $35,000.

—Mr. J. H. Puleston, formerly a banker of this city, and subsequently one of the London firm of Jay Cooke, McCulloch, & Co., is one of the members of Parliament from Devonport, and whenever he addresses the House is listened to with attention. In the course of a recent speech to his constituents he said that an American friend of his had well summarized the position of England with regard to the Eastern question: "You may say what you like about Lord Beaconsfield, but he lifted England out of the back seat."

—The Hon. Edward M'Pherson, Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury Department, has become political editor of the Philadelphia *Press*.

—"The March of the D'Israelites in the key of Asia Minor" is the bright witticism of a London man.

—The late Evart A. Duyckinck bequeathed his valuable library, containing between eight and nine thousand volumes, to the Lenox Library, as a memorial of himself and his brother, the late George Long Duyckinck.

—A Yankee mandarin is not a bad idea. We have one—Jeremiah Yocum, a tarry mariner of Cape Cod, who cometh back to his native country as an attaché of the recently arrived Chinese embassy. The story goes that his father, the captain of a whaler, rescued a disabled junk in 1841, containing five Chinese mandarins of high rank, and towed it into port. The captain was loaded with presents at the time, and, when he returned with his orphaned son on the next voyage, the boy was sent to the royal preparatory school at Canton. At seventeen he entered the imperial college, and spent eight years mastering the Chinese language, after which he taught and translated Chinese geography into English. Last year he was made a mandarin, and attached to the Chinese mission to the United States.

—We have in New York a few large law firms whose professional income is in the neighborhood of $100,000 per annum. Occasionally, from extraordinary causes, it may exceed that. This, however, falls far short of the income of George Lewis, the London solicitor, who has just leased three very large houses within a short distance of Newgate and the Central Criminal Court, and Chancery Lane with its adjacent inns of court. The magnitude of his business can be conjectured when his staff of clerks and employés numbers 250. His office receipts are said to reach $250,000 per annum.

—Mr. Carlyle, aided by his niece, Miss Mary Carlyle Aiken, has begun the autobiography which, according to popular belief, he was to make his last work. Miss Aiken has herself become, at least in manuscript, a pretty extensive authoress. She would probably have appeared before now as a writer of works of fiction had not her uncle disapproved of novels as not what he wished her to write.

—Professor Petermann, the famous geographer, has recently had an apoplectic stroke.

—In the Napier correspondence, lately printed, is a letter from Lord Brougham, in which he writes of his "hated rival" Macaulay: "He is absolutely renowned in society as the greatest bore that ever yet appeared. I have seen people come in from Holland House breathless and knocked up, and able to say nothing but 'Oh dear! oh mercy!' 'What's the matter?' being asked: 'Oh, Macaulay.' Then every one said, 'That accounts for it—you're lucky to be alive,' etc."

—Victor Emanuel was a man extremely careless in his dress. When about to visit Berlin, his Chamberlain reminded him that he must have some new clothes. "Order them," said the King. "But your Majesty must give your measure, because they are very elegant at the court of Berlin." "What a nuisance!" said sturdy royalty. "Count B—— is just my size. Ask him to do me the pleasure to give his measure."

—Mr. Ruskin is a fortunate author. Already in his lifetime his works are sold at the rates of rarities. A second-hand bookseller in Birmingham offers a collection of the eccentric Englishman's entire works in sixty-eight bound volumes, with all his pamphlets, for $550. Separately the works would fetch even more. No number of *Fors Clavigera* has appeared since Mr. Ruskin's illness in March. He hopes in a short time to be able to complete the eighth volume, together with a summary of the whole work.

—Lord Dufferin's re-appearance in the House of Lords will be warmly welcomed. He was one of the best, if not the best, orators in that body. If any one fancies, however, that his speeches are the work of a moment, he is greatly mistaken. They are prepared with the greatest care. He works out a speech generally in the morning, and then sends for his short-hand writer, named Campbell, and dictates to him. Campbell then transcribes his notes upon large sheets of foolscap, writing on every second line, and leaving a margin of half the page. The extended manuscript is then returned to Dufferin, who polishes and improves his composition until sometimes scarcely a word of the original conception remains. The amended copy is returned to the secretary, who makes a fresh transcription. This in turn undergoes revision, and a third, often a fourth and a fifth, transcription will be ordered, until his Excellency is satisfied. Then commences the task of memorizing. Lord Dufferin is what actors would call "pretty good study," and it does not usually take him long to get his speeches "by heart." He reads and repeats his periods over slowly, walking up and down, and reciting paragraph by paragraph to Campbell, and not till he is perfectly satisfied with himself does he cease work. The reply in Greek which he made to the professoriate of M'Gill University on being made LL.D. took him over a week to compose. It excited wonder and admiration in Canadian and English learned circles as a piece of off-hand scholarship.

—A writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript* maintains that never in the history of England has there been a more consummate chief than Benjamin Disraeli. A great lesson of his life has been its illustration of the almost boundless power of indomitable pluck. The patience, the temper, the perseverance, the contempt of reverse, of obstacle, of difficulty, of the most obstinate prejudice with which a man ever had to contend—which his career has betrayed—has made him the irresistible leader of a compact and submissive party organization, which acts not only with the discipline but with the precision and force of an army. For the descendant of Jews, the fashionable dandy and novelist of fifty years ago, to become the dictator and creator of dukes, and the respected and feared of emperors, is a stride so vast that surely, among as solid and sensible a race as the English, it can not be accounted for by a mere long succession of tricks and theatrical sensations and political pyrotechnics. Benjamin Disraeli became a great party leader not by jugglery, but by the patience with which he awaited his opportunity; by the excellent temper with which he dealt with his colleagues, with the rank and file of his party, and even with his antagonists; by his conspicuous skill in debate, by his power as an orator, by his boldness in timely attack, and by his equal boldness in timely retreat; by his almost invariably wise plan of Parliamentary campaign, by his constant encouragement given to the young and promising men of his political connection, and by the almost inexhaustible fertility of his resources in party warfare.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York State Republican Convention was held at Saratoga September 26. Senator Conkling, the chairman, made a strong and eloquent hard-money speech, and a true Republican platform was adopted without a dissenting vote. We quote the financial planks:

"The faith of the nation is sacredly pledged to the payment of the public debt and the redemption of the public promises according to the letter and the spirit of the engagement, and our good name and well-being require that the nation's honor shall be kept as inviolate as the nation's life.

"Under the management of succeeding Republican administrations the country has advanced to the point of specie resumption; and the highest interests of business no less than the plighted faith of the republic demand that there shall be no step backward and no postponement. With this steady progress we hail the auspicious signs of reviving trade and industry, and congratulate the people upon this practical evidence that if the good work shall be completed, the depression which grew out of the financial disorders forced upon us by the war of rebellion will give place to the returning confidence and permanent prosperity which can rest alone on the fixed monetary standard of the commercial world—on settled values and full security and certainty for the future.

"Standing unalterably for the constitutional principles of *hard money*, we insist that the greenback, instead of being dishonored and depreciated, shall be made as good as honest coin; that labor's dollar shall mean a real dollar; that the fluctuations and uncertainties which rob toil and paralyze trade shall cease; that our currency shall be made the best currency by making all parts of it, whether paper or coin, equivalent, convertible, secure, and steady; and all public servants, whether executive officers, Senators, or Representatives, whose acts or votes conduce to this high object, deserve our approbation."

Mr. George F. Danforth, of Monroe County, was nominated for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and the Convention, after a most harmonious session, adjourned *sine die*.

The New York State Democratic Convention was held at Syracuse September 25 and 26. There was much wrangling on the first day between the Tammany and anti-Tammany delegates, but the proceedings next day were comparatively harmonious. A hard-money platform was adopted, under the pressure of the previous question, against the loud protests of soft-money Democrats. Mr. George B. Bradley, of Steuben County, was nominated for Judge of the Court of Appeals. He is a strong friend and supporter of ex-Governor Tilden.

The latest reports from the South at this time of writing, September 27, indicate but little if any abatement in the ravages of yellow fever. A day or two of cooler weather had awakened hopes of a favorable turn, but these were not realized. The weather became intensely hot again, and the death rate immediately increased.

Sherman City, a small village in Isabella County, Michigan, was utterly destroyed, September 19, by a tornado. Every building in the village except one frame dwelling was swept away, and that was partly destroyed. The air was thick with timbers, boards, bricks, and stones, and the inhabitants took refuge in cellars.

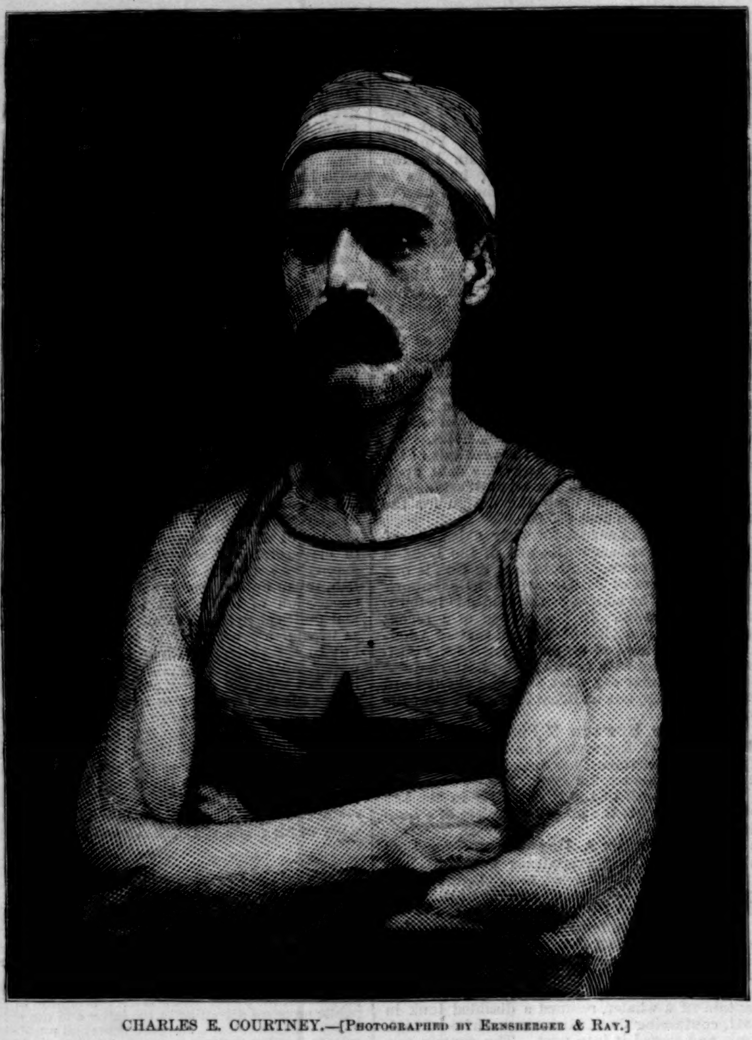
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The Austrians have occupied Zwornik, meeting with no resistance, and the Vienna journals regard the pacification of Bosnia as now complete. Many thousands have recently deserted from the insurgent army, believing the cause to be hopeless. Turkey is apparently anxious for a speedy solution of all questions rising out of the present complications, and is reported to be willing to co-operate with Austria for this purpose. It is also said that the Porte is about to send a sufficient number of troops to subdue the Albanians, and permit the execution of that part of the Treaty of Berlin relating to Montenegro. There is a report that 100,000 Armenians have risen in arms, ready to fight for autonomy.

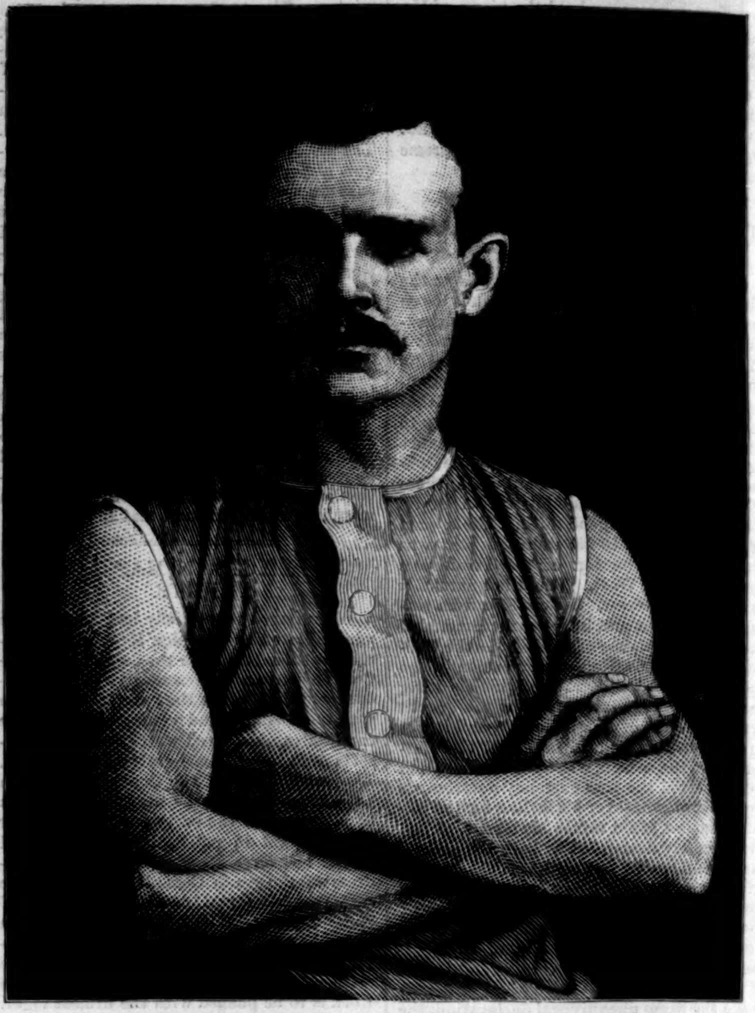
News comes from Calcutta, September 22, to the effect that an officer of the Ameer of Afghanistan, at Alimusjed, has refused to allow the British mission to Cabool to go through the Khyber Pass, and crowned the heights which command the pass with his followers. After a three hours' interview with the officer, in which he warned him that his act would be regarded as the act of the Ameer himself, Major Cavagnari, commanding the advanced escort of the mission, returned to Jamrood, and the mission has withdrawn to Peshawur. On page 815 will be found a map showing the country which may become the scene of another war between England and Afghanistan.

The Russian forces have completed the evacuation of San Stefano.

The London *Times* correspondent at Constantinople reports that France is about to abandon the exclusive protectorate over the Catholics in the East. The Pope, consequently, is expected to send a Nuncio to Constantinople.



CHARLES E. COURTNEY.—[Photographed by Ernsberger & Ray.]



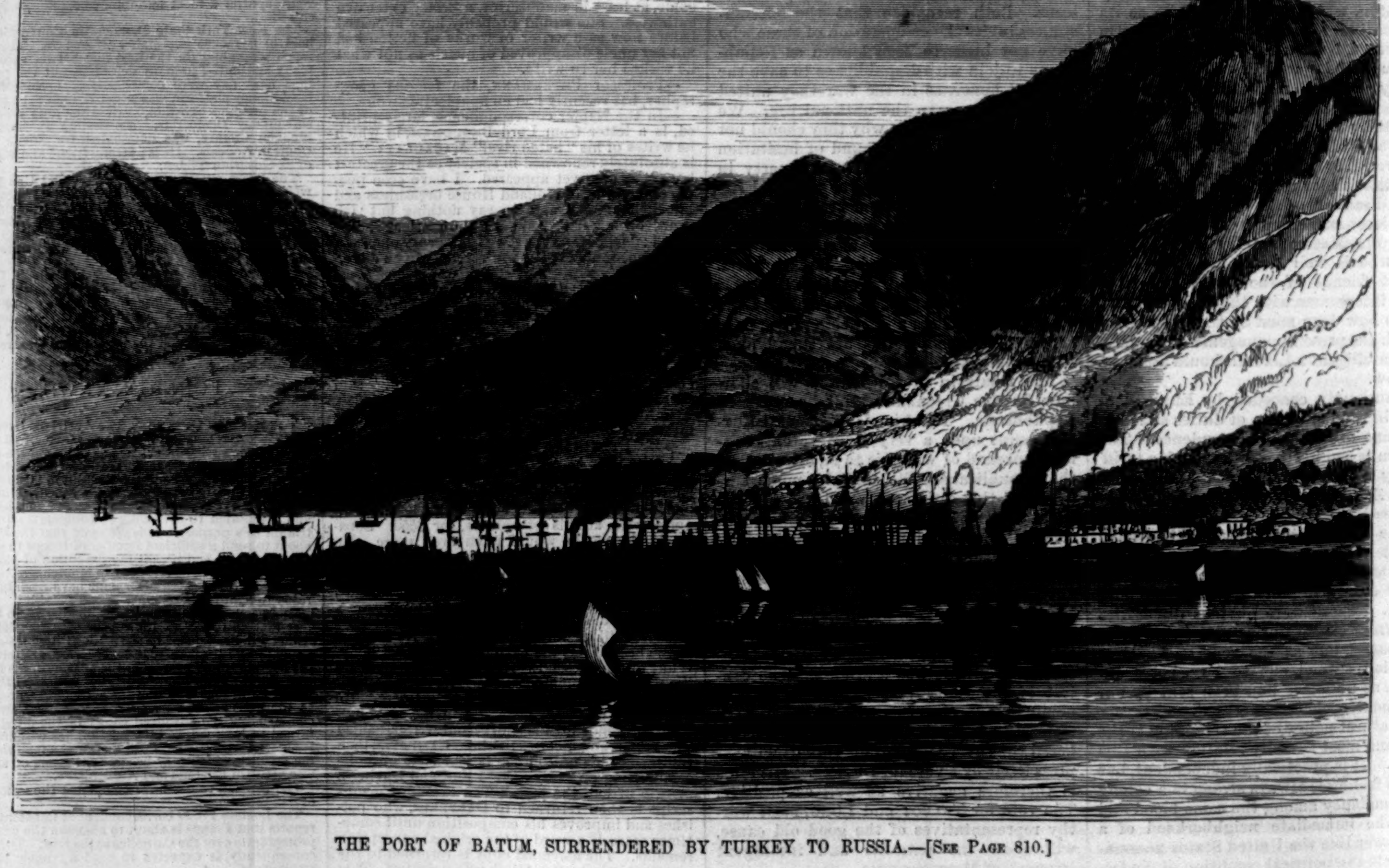
EDWARD HANLAN.—[Photographed by J. Bruce & Co.]

COURTNEY AND HANLAN.

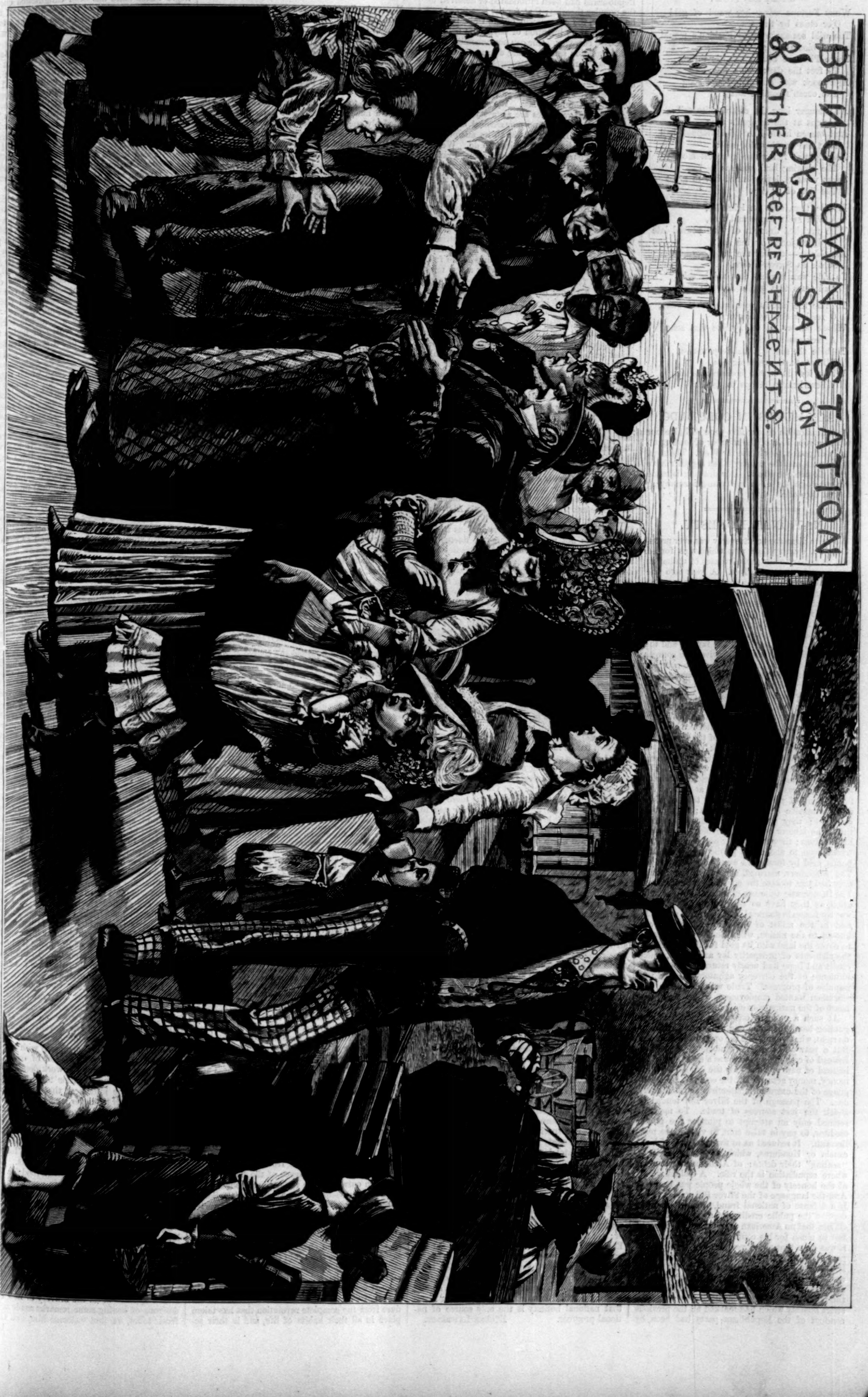
We rarely meet with finer specimens of physical development than the two famous oarsmen whose portraits are given on this page, and whose race over the Lachine course near Montreal for the championship of America and a purse and stake of $11,000 has excited general interest. Both are young men of pluck, skill, and endurance, and each has a record to be proud of.

Charles E. Courtney was born at Union Springs, New York, in 1849. His height is six feet one-half inch, and his usual weight in condition is 168 to 170 pounds. At an early age Courtney knew what hard work was, and having served an apprenticeship at the carpenter's trade, he was rated a most excellent workman at his majority. Like a large proportion of the youth of his section, Courtney developed a fondness for rowing exercise, and while in his minority gained considerable local fame as a proficient oarsman. On leaving his own section to pull in amateur regattas, older and more experienced boating men found him a "tough customer." He was victor in seventy-three amateur races, and was never defeated. His professional career began in August, 1877. In September of that year he won the championship of the United States. On the 15th of last August he was badly beaten by "Frenchy" Johnson, the colored oarsman, at the Silver Lake regatta, Plympton, Massachusetts. This was the first defeat ever sustained by Courtney.

Edward Hanlan is several years younger than Courtney, having been born at Toronto in 1855. He is of Irish descent, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs when in condition about 152 pounds. While still a boy he developed great fondness for rowing; but it was not until 1873 that he made his first appearance in a shell, contending for and winning the amateur championship of Toronto Bay. The record of his victories is too long to give here, and we can only mention his achievements during the present year. In May last he beat Plaisted in a three-mile race at Toronto; in June defeated Morris, five miles, at Pittsburgh, in 37 m. 58 s., and afterward beat Plaisted, Riley, Luther, and others in regattas at Brockville and Cape St. Vincent. Hanlan's return match with Ross in July last, on the Kennebecasis River, St. John, New Brunswick, in which the stakes were for $1000 a side, resulted in the decisive defeat of his antagonist.



THE PORT OF BATUM, SURRENDERED BY TURKEY TO RUSSIA.—[See Page 810.]


BUNGTOWN STATION
OYSTER SALLOON
& OTHER REFRESHMENTS.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY RETURN FROM PARIS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.—[See Page 811.]

GOLDEN-ROD.

'When Fortune waves her wand of gold
O'er cities by the sea,
The wild sea-shore takes Fashion's mould,
And blooms in gayety.
There Pleasure brings her iris throng
To fret the dark cliff's way,
And mock with airy dance and song
The ocean's sombre sway.

All summer long the cream-white sail
Laughs at the sea-gull's toil:
And brazen hoofs like quick-dropped hail
Beat the surf-haunted soil;
And lightest fall where grandest meet
The trysting land and sea
Sweet vows of love, formed but to greet
The lips of revelry.

Is Life, then, such an idle fête,
A wild swift dance and free,
With ravished draught of wine poured late
In dream-lands by the sea?
Ah, Gayety—'tis but the mask,
Subtle as Sorrow's own,
To hide wan prayers that vainly ask
And tears that smiles disown;

To hide the heart's pent woes that wake,
O restless Sea, with thee,
Whose billows set to rhythms that ache
A reckless melody;
To hide the soul's linked-deep unrest,
With thee, O dreaming Sea,
Whose kiss is on the horizon's breast,
Where heaven stoops to thee.

PACK-MULES IN COLORADO.

The illustration on our first page will give our readers a good idea of the manner of loading up a train of pack-mules in the far West. The men, the animals, and the scenery taken together have a very picturesque effect. Our drawing is made from photographs of a government surveying party in Colorado.

NATIONAL HONESTY.

No more disastrous controversy was ever pressed upon a country than that which was forced upon us a year ago by the advocates of unlimited paper or depreciated silver. A year ago the worst effects of the panic were nearly over. So productive is our country, so industrious its people, so immense their resources, that all the financial evils resulting from a period of rebellion, of waste, inflation, extravagance, endless borrowing, were beginning to pass away. The boundless gifts of nature had enriched the farmer and the producer; trade was about to revive, new sources of industry to open; new schemes were planned, new contracts were about to be entered upon. Hope had revived, the laborer and capitalist were prepared to work together, the vast crops of the autumn seemed about to draw in the money of the world. A firm and prudent hand, a certainty that the government would not interfere with the currency, tamper with the laws of trade, were all that was needed to bring back confidence, to cover the country with fresh activity from ocean to ocean. Unhappily this was withheld. The advocates of this inferior money began at once to press their measures; they struck at once at the foundations of public confidence; they checked every extensive business operation; they broke contracts; they stifled rising industries; they threw the laborer out of employment, they stole his earnings; they drove away capital; they contrived even to shock the public credit, and the bonds held by foreigners were rapidly returned. The foreigners, alarmed, demanded the money they had lent to save the government in its need. The Democratic agitators even threatened repudiation, as they have so often done before. All was confusion in financial matters; trade stopped; and in the midst of the richest harvest ever known to the nation, when Europe stood ready to cover the land with its gold for food, when all the elements of prosperity lay around us, when credit and hope had nearly returned, the malign influence of the currency agitators checked the impulse of progress. Trade was dull again, the workmen wanted employment, wages sank, the heart of the nation was chilled.

At such a moment one longs for a firm and guiding hand, for some one who is not afraid to do right, whatever may be the opposing influences. But a year ago the happy moment passed by. Instead of confidence, there was a total loss of it; instead of new openings for the employment of money, money actually left the country. The language of the extreme inflationists alarmed every one. The passage of the Silver Bill tended to shock the just sources of trade. To many it seemed only an attempt to plunder the public creditor, to pay in false coin, to violate the public faith. It reduced us to the condition of Venezuela or Honduras, which have the habit of "scaling" their debts; of Alabama or Georgia, where repudiation is the rule. A sudden doubt of the honesty of the whole people was aroused. And the language of the Silver Bill was so plainly a defense of national fraud, of a resolution to deprive the public creditor of a part of his just claims, that no American who understood it could fail to blush for his country. For the first time it was seen that the government had adopted in part that theory which Messrs. Pendleton and Hendricks had advocated in 1868, amidst the furious applause of the disloyal part of the Democracy; that the national legislature had yielded to the noisy violence of factious agitators; that the strict honesty which had marked all the previous conduct of the Republican party had been, by some of its members, laid aside; that leading Republicans had been intimidated or deceived by the popular theories; that, for the first time in all its history, the government of the United States had declared its intention of paying its debts in a debased currency. One can not remember without indignation this crowning disgrace. Our republic is the richest, the strongest, the most progressive, of nations. It should be the model of dignity, honesty, humanity, justice. Our national conscience should be sensitive to the slightest indications of the moral law. We should show to the world that republics are always just. But a year ago we did what no monarchical or republican nation of Europe has in all its misfortunes been yet forced, or even desired, to do. We offered to pay our debts in a debased coin. France, torn and wasted by its recent wars, covered with a burden to which our own must seem almost insignificant, a republic newly sprung from the ashes of the empire, has better sustained the reputation of freemen. It has not shrunk from any one of its vast engagements. England pays its enormous expenses in the best money, and grows wealthy by its honest policy. Even Austria is about to resume specie payments. Even Russia has contrived to pay its interest thus far in full. While we, for the purpose of saving a few millions—at a fearful cost to the public—have consented to a theory of repudiation. The Silver Bill was restricted in the Senate, vetoed by the President, but stands on the national records, the first step toward dishonesty.

And bitterly has it been atoned for by a year of disappointment in trade, by labor agitation, political restlessness, doubt, discord. The Republican party has lost in reputation the chief element of its strength. It had never before shown any tendency to weakness in principle. It had defended the public faith in 1868 and 1872 with unexampled triumphs. It was the party of Union, honesty, progress; it is so still. Once again it will lead the world onward, and rally the industrious and frugal in defense of their rights. In fact, it is upon the industrious and the frugal that all the evils of these erroneous theories of finance fall. An unlimited issue of paper, a silver dollar worth only eighty-nine cents, unlimited silver, or any of the notorious devices of inflation, only tend to draw away money from the hands of the people into those of the capitalists. Above all things, the working-man wants honest money. He wants the gold that Europe is anxious to pay us; he does not want the reams of fluctuating paper in which the capitalist and the trading politician would be glad to pay him. Those who desire to know what is the effect of "absolute" or paper money need only look at Adam Smith. A century ago the theory was tested in Scotland. In a time of depression a bank was formed to fill the land with bills; for a moment all was expectation; every one had money. Within a year the country was overwhelmed in bankruptcy, the bills were worthless, the bank failed. The rich escaped sometimes with great profits; the poor sank into deeper want. The history of all the schemes of advancing trade by filling the country with promises to pay has always been the same. They mean starvation to the honest, the industrious; wealth to the lucky few. What an array of them is there in history! Law's scheme, the South Sea, the Continental currency, the French assignats, English bank-bills in 1812, our Western banks in 1842, when Dickens describes us as having no money, the United States currency of 1863–64, fluctuating madly with every battle, the Confederate currency, Confederate bonds, Russian paper, Turkish. At Constantinople recently the bakers refused to sell any more bread because they were forced to take their pay in Turkish paper: it is nearly worthless. In Russia nearly 1,000,000,000 rubles in bills have been issued, and are worth one-third less than their apparent value. Such is the kind of money the advocates of paper would force upon us. For this the trade of the country has been stopped for a year, the national credit assailed, the profits of our farms and commerce given away to foreigners, the skill and industry of our own people discouraged and depressed.

Once more the moment of a remarkable prosperity is at hand, and bountiful Nature, laden with all the richest gifts of the harvest, advances to repair the results of human folly. The country teems with her bounties. The railroads and canals are laden with the abundant products of the mines, forests, soil, pasturage. Europe comes to our shores for food, clothing, light, subsistence. What Egypt was to the barren North, what Africa was to imperial Rome, what Scythia was to Greece, the comparatively narrow territory of the United States has become to the Europeans. And far more. The boundless products of our wonderful soil seem to embrace all the necessaries of modern life. The Scandinavian cottage is lighted with oil from Pittsburgh, the cattle of Texas feed England and France, the timber of Georgia must at last supplant the Norwegian pine, the Pacific coasts pour out their gold and their wheat together. Once more bountiful Nature offers us an unbounded prosperity, once more the advocates of national dishonesty would put aside her generous gift. The fatal lesson of the year past has not instructed them. All that the country wants is honest money, a sound currency, a public confidence, a government above suspicion, a certainty, an honest guide. With honest money all its industries will revive, trade will spring up, every idle hand will be employed; the mines, the railroads, the farms, the dairies, will flourish together; we may even rescue our carrying trade from England, and cover South America with our manufactures. Let us not repeat the madness of last year. To the Republican party the nation must owe its rescue from the delusions that checked its prosperity in the past, and it will learn amidst the unbounded prosperity of the coming years that national honesty is the only source of national progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

BATUM.

Early in September the Russians took possession of Batum, by the cession which Turkey agreed to at the Berlin Congress; there was no resistance, as a large part of the Mussulman towns-folk, along with the neighboring Laze population, leave the district for other territories of the Sultan's Asiatic dominion. Batum—a view of which is given on page 808—is a small seaport town on the Armenian coast of the Euxine, the nearest to Kars, from which fortress it is distant a hundred miles. The harbor of Batum is the only one that exists along that coast eastward of Trebizond. Its capacity has notoriously been a subject of dispute; and Lord Beaconsfield's statement that not more than three or four large ships could lie close to the shore, though confirmed by the hydrographer to the Admiralty, does not meet with universal concurrence. There is some idea of connecting it by railway with the existing Russian line of railroad crossing Circassia from Poti to Tiflis, and so making it the marine dépôt for trade with the Caspian, as well as with Georgia and Persia.

The town of Batum occupies the southern shore of a well-sheltered bay running far inland. High hills, clothed with luxuriant forest growth, hem it in, and, save from northwesterly winds, its waters are perfectly sheltered. Even when such winds prevail, vessels lying as close to the town as they can are unaffected by them. Batum itself is not a considerable place; its population can not much exceed three thousand at present. It is clean and cheerful-looking. Along the shore are the principal restaurants and cafés, such as they are in Asia. Behind and parallel to the sea front runs the bazar street, where shops for the sale of printed calicoes or stuffs of the country, the workshops of tailors, and three or four jewellers are to be found. Here and there is an armorer's shop, where primitive flint-lock rifles and leaf-shaped sword-daggers are to be bought. Behind are open grass-grown spaces, with a few official residences—the government office, or konak, the telegraph and post office, the chief of staff's residence, and the gloomy decaying mansion, with semi-European gate and court-yard, where the Turkish pasha lately resided. Across the shores, where rock and forest alternate with picturesque effect, the dim outlines of the snow-streaked Caucasus are faintly visible. Here and there some cottager's red-tiled roof gleams amid the dark foliage, and long valleys reach away into the interior, veiled with a perennial haze. In the calm lake-like waters of the bay, close in by the shore, coasting craft of diverse tonnage lie securely, and their crews cover the beach in many a picturesque group. Such is Batum, now belonging to the Russian Empire.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Those who have followed the course of *Among Aliens* as it has appeared in the columns of the *Weekly* will be glad to meet the work again in book or rather in pamphlet form. This charming novel has taken its place among the latest issues of the "Franklin Square Library," which has now become the medium by which the best novels are introduced to a class of readers that before subsisted upon a very different kind of mental pabulum. The appreciation of this literary venture of the Harpers has been expressed by the public in many ways, but we quote the following paragraph from the *Atlantic Monthly* as an instance of commendation coming from high quarters:

> "The most notable and pleasing fact in connection with them is that they are so largely bought by former habitual readers of the *Texas Jack* stripe of dime novel. The news-dealer who sold me the *History of a Crime* made one very suggestive remark. 'The oddest thing about the whole business,' said he, 'is the number of calls I have for the best novels in this shape from men whom I used to think of as wanting only the worst class of publications I had on my counters.' Such men—women and children too—can be won from the degrading reading to which they are accustomed only by the substitution for it of good literature equally attractive and equally cheap. Public and circulating libraries accomplish a little—only a little. Bound books, or even the ordinary paper novels at fifty or seventy-five cents a copy, are absolutely beyond the means of these readers. Whatever is done at present must be done by such cheap agencies as the 'Franklin Square Library.' The wide extent of their influence it is easy to see. Scarcely a news stand or periodical store can be found which does not carry a large stock of them, and the numbers sold are enormous. On the other hand, the dime novels of a dozen years ago, and all the kindred novelettes, are now comparatively rare."

—It is too much to say that in *Colonel Dunwoddie* (Harper & Brothers) we have "*the* American novel," which every writer of fiction in this part of the world longs to produce, and which foreigners assure us can never be written, owing to the want of types in our society, and on account of various other reasons equally meaningless and unsatisfactory; but we certainly have here a distinctively American story, portraying characters that will be recognized by all who are in any way familiar with the people of our great republic, and showing life in one section of it with a singular clearness and fidelity to fact. The scenes of *Colonel Dunwoddie* are laid in the South, not the Dixie of a score of years ago, when wealth flowed forth in abundance from rice and cotton field, and the fiery eloquence of the fierce young Southron outweighed in the national councils the sober common-sense of the North; but the South of to-day, struggling with her burden of poverty, mourning the flower of her youth, and undergoing the pangs of a new birth in her endeavor to rise above the overwhelming misfortunes of her recent past. The present chaotic condition of Southern society forms the subject of the volume. We are introduced to the families of Colonel Dunwoddie and Judge Anderson, and learn from their experiences what the high-spirited men and tenderly nurtured women of this section have had to endure from the complete revolution that has taken place in all their habits of life, and in their social relations. In Parker Anderson we have the negro whose mind has been enlightened enough to grasp the meaning of the great boon of freedom so suddenly bestowed upon him, and to realize his obligations both to himself and to the State of which he has become a responsible citizen. In the miserable flock of which he is the spiritual head, but unfortunately without authority or influence, we have the average negro of the South—ignorant, superstitious, and utterly failing to comprehend his own relations to society, or what part he must perform toward it if he would not finally perish. In Tom Terrell and the drunken brutal horde with which he surrounds himself, we see representatives of that most dangerous class of men, without patriotism, and indeed in many instances without the common instincts of humanity, who endeavor, by keeping alive the memory of past conflict and by fanning the fire of class prejudice and race hatred, to bar the way of the whole South toward that general throwing off of old notions, old jealousies, and old bitternesses, through which alone she can rise to her full possibilities, and regain through new and different channels a portion of her ancient glory and prestige. As a picture of Southern life at the present day, its general condition of upheaval and excitement, its peculiar mixture of social elements that challenge the most intelligent efforts to combine them, and the general desolation and poverty that tinge the whole atmosphere of every-day life, *Colonel Dunwoddie* is a complete success. As a story there are few works of fiction that can rival it in the display of all that is tender or attractive in the way of family affection and conjugal love, or in a most exquisite delineation of that sublimity of Christian faith which regards the events and interests of this world simply as a disciplinary influence, having no other significance than as they act upon the character and motives of a race whose privilege it is to know themselves immortal.

—*Like unto Like* (by the same publishers) is also a Southern story, and while it has what the French call the same *motif* as the one just noticed, differs from it entirely in the method of presentation. This novel is less a calm deliberate study of the social and political problems to be met with in the South of the present day than a brilliant picture of the generally chaotic conditions of Southern society to which we have already alluded. *Like unto Like* is also vastly more of a love story than the other, and as such will have an attraction for many readers who love fiction for itself alone, and demand that if great social and political questions be introduced, the love that "rules the court, the camp, the grove, and men below and saints above," shall at least dominate the graver interests of the volume. To such Miss Blythe Herndon will prove a heroine, whose fortunes they may follow with interest, and whose sad and unsatisfactory love story will win universal sympathy even if it does not cause the ready tears to flow. Miss Herndon's lover is one Roger Ellis, a Northern man, who, living in the South at the time of the war, and taking a fierce and active interest in the questions that led to that conflict, finally allows his enthusiasm to carry him beyond all bounds of reason. The gentle little Southern lady, whose familiar knowledge of life in her own section has led her to differ with the conservatism of those who saw nothing to improve in the old system, fancies that in the novel principles and ardent self-confidence of this didactic Northerner she has found a key for the unravelling of all that has hitherto puzzled her. At last, however, when she fully comes to understand his exaggerated assumptions of negro equality, his impractical social views, and his fancy for cremation, she turns, half horror-stricken and half heart-broken, from the reformer who, in his endeavors to reconstruct the ills of the South, would leave nothing of the social fabric beneath which we are all born and bred. The purpose of the novel is an excellent one. We have learned to sympathize with the South in a vague and distant manner; we feel for her desolation, and our purses are opened freely to those who cry out from the plague-stricken districts. Still there are peculiar trials which have fallen upon this section of our country which our different habits of thought and modes of life make it almost impossible for us to comprehend. In the North we have our poor with us, but they are not the most delicate and highly cultured who suffer from want. We have our demagogues, who influence many, but do not incite our own servants to heap upon us insult and scorn. These are conditions of life in the South; we know them to exist, but it is only when the pen of the novelist touches with force and pathos these deplorable facts that we are brought into direct sympathy with the inhabitants of this suffering section of our country. No one can undervalue the work done by writers of fiction in calling attention to wrong and helping forward the influences that shall achieve a cure. No fairer field ever lay before Victor Hugo or Charles Reade than now appeals to our novelists in the South.

—When Shakspeare said of the "serpent of the Nile," "Age can not wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety," he might have been preparing a motto for his own works. Indeed, it might give any lover of letters food for a pleasant half hour's speculation to wonder if, as the historian of Major Brown remarks, "in any time in any age, in any town or city," there will come a time when a new edition of the great playwright's works, or any part of them, will not be hailed with delight. Without doing more than to take a single glance at the title of the little volume before us, *Shakspeare's Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark* (Harper & Brothers), there is a sort of feeling of tenderness toward it that steals over the consciousness like as when an old friend appears in all the bravery of new clothes, desirous of having some remarks made upon his fresh toilet, we first welcome him, and then extend our admiration to his gorgeous coat and hat. Hamlet is then Hamlet, endeared to our grandparents, worshipped by ourselves, and certain to be beloved of our grandchildren. Now as to his brand-new garments, prepared for him by one Mr. **Rolfe**, A.M., formerly Head-Master of the High School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Rolfe has already made a name for himself by dealing with the great poet whose *chef-d'œuvre* he now offers us. His series entitled the "English Classics," which now consists of ten of Shakspeare's plays, and also includes two volumes of select poems from Oliver Goldsmith and Thomas Gray, has been successful from the start. In the *Hamlet* he has simply followed the plan of the works already published, namely, to first put it in shape for easy handling, and adapt it to schools, by preparing a volume of convenient size, and by making such slight expurgations from the text as are common in every stage version; second, to give selections from the best æsthetic criticism of Shakspeare, not only in long extracts from the best commentators, which discuss the play as a whole, but also including brief remarks on special passages. When it is remembered that the literature of *Hamlet* will fill volumes, representing a constant accumulation since the day when it first appeared on the London stage, some idea of the magnitude of Mr. Rolfe's task will be gained. He has fulfilled it to admiration, and the little volume which he gives us can not fail to give pleasure to those who not only wish to study the play itself, but also to learn what the best and most judicious critics have had to say regarding it.

THE RETURN FROM PARIS.

Mr. **Frost**'s humorous illustration on page 809 can hardly be appreciated at its full value without a reference to the companion drawing, entitled "The George Washington Jones Family en Route for Paris," published in *Harper's Weekly* for August 24. The two pictures taken together make a complete story, which may be safely left to the reader's own imagination to work out.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 13.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 18.—St. Luke.
Sunday, 20.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 27.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude.

The instances of Christian heroism which have appeared in the course of the battle with the yellow fever in the South should have a permanent record. They prove that still in the time of need men and women are ready to face death in the effort to save others. The *Churchman* of this city commemorates the "heroic piety" of the Rev. **Charles Carrol Parsons**, rector of St. Lazarus's Church, Memphis, who has died there at the post of duty. Mr. **Parsons** was a graduate of West Point, and was during the late war the commander of "Parsons's Battery," of the Fourth United States Artillery. On one occasion, having orders to arrest the progress of the Confederate forces at Perryville, Maryland, every soldier attached to the battery was shot down except Colonel **Parsons** himself. He drew his sword, turned toward the enemy, "placed his hands at rest, and standing erect, awaited their fire. The guns of some soldiers were already levelled at him, when they were struck down by the Confederate officer, who exclaimed, 'Don't shoot such a man!' and Colonel **Parsons** was allowed to walk off the field."

A heroic man will be found at his post, whatever the field or the peril. Mr. **Parsons** and the many other Christian ministers, physicians, and helpers who have lost their lives in the South have not lived in vain. Their examples will continue to teach the lesson of self-sacrifice.

The Unitarian General Conference met in the Methodist Episcopal church of Saratoga—a fact quite parallel with the publication of the biography of a Unitarian by **John Wesley**. The opening sermon, by the Rev. **Brooke Herford**, called for more devotion to the spiritual wants of the people. The preacher criticised the extreme intellectualism of Unitarians, and urged the importance of nourishing the prayer-meeting, family worship, and Bible study. An essay was read by the Rev. **James Freeman Clarke**, of Boston, on the "New Theology;" another on the "New Ethics," by Professor C. C. **Everett**, of Harvard; and a third, by **George William Curtis**, Esq., on "Morals in Politics." This essay was listened to by an audience which crowded the spacious Methodist church. "It was freighted," says a newspaper correspondent, "with the searching truth of morals and of history in our national politics, and was fearlessly uttered. Although semi-secular, it was really the most practical uplifting presentation of the week."

The exact vote in the New Haven school election of September 16 was, for the Bible ticket, as it was called, 4881; for the ticket in opposition, 1963. Catholics and Protestants both united in the support of the Bible ticket. The New Haven *Palladium* is quite exultant over the victory, and says, "The Christian denominations of all names deserve the highest praise. All have done well. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

The International Peace Congress, which was announced to meet in Paris September 26, will receive special honors from the French government. A room in the palace of the Tuileries has been placed at the disposal of the committee of arrangements. The topics for consideration will be: (1) The practical means for securing peace and for diminishing the causes of armed conflicts. (2) The practical means for rendering efficient the principle of arbitration. (3) The reforms capable of being introduced into international law. All this at the precise moment when Europe is armed to the teeth, when standing armies are larger than ever before, and when the din of a great war has hardly died away, and in a city, too, whose "glories" are predominantly of the military sort! It sounds like satire; but the friends of peace are right, and so let us hope that they will persevere.

The very moderate "Sunday Closing Act" for Ireland, which after a hard struggle was carried through the British Parliament, went into effect October 1. It will be in force only till December 31, 1882, and five towns—Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Belfast—are wholly exempt from its operation. With these exceptions the sale of liquors is forbidden during the whole of Sunday; in the exempt towns there is a prohibition of sale during a part of that day.

The secretaries of the London Sunday-school Union have, by circular, invited Christians throughout the world to appropriate Sunday and Monday, October 20 and 21, as days of "universal prayer" for Sunday-schools. On Monday, October 21, the "General Conference on Foreign Missions" will also be held in London. This Conference will, it is expected, be attended by representatives of many of the great missionary societies. The topics, which relate to the administration of missions and the observance of comity by the societies, are of the greatest importance.

Since his return from this country to England the Rev. **George Müller** has issued the annual report of the Orphan Home at Ashley Downs, near Bristol. It is a remarkable exhibit of money raised for charitable purposes without direct solicitation. The expenses of the year were £42,000, all of which has been paid in cash. The number of orphans cared for was 2193; the schools gave instruction to 10,500 persons. Since the founding of this charity £784,000 have been received; of this total, £512,242 have been given to the orphanage alone. Mr. **Müller** when in this country explained his method of procedure by saying that if at any time in the history of his orphanage money had failed, he would have at once shut it up. Under no circumstances would he incur debt.

The Church of England Temperance Society is threatened with schism. Its aim is comprehensive, being no less than "the rescue of the intemperate, and the bringing about of a change in the national habits." It has two sections, one of which is composed of total abstainers, and the other of members who are not total abstainers. In making up committees of managers each section is represented. The trouble is that the members of the total abstinence section make remarks in their speeches which afflict their brethren of the other section, and a rupture is threatened. To secure harmony, speakers are to be guided by precise instructions, and it has been ordered that speakers in the service of the society "casting reflections" on others shall be called to order by the chairman of each meeting.

The "nice plums" in the English State Church are not so very many. There are 287 livings of £1000 a year and a fraction under, 37 of £1000 a year, 185 between £1000 and £1500, 43 between £1500 and £2000, 13 between £2000 and £3000, one of £3000, one of £3058, and one of £3500. The last three are Hawarden, Upwell, and Halsall. The majority of the livings are under the control of private patrons, and in country parishes of which the populations are small.

A daily Protestant paper has been projected in Paris. It will be sold at one sou; the editors will be to some extent converts from Romanism. The proposed capital is 200,000 francs; the editor-in-chief named is **Eugène Réveillaud**. As far as can be learned from the prospectus, its chief aim will be to wage war against clericalism and materialism. The prospectus says: "The harsh and intolerant proceedings of ultramontanism, which, especially during the last thirty years, has taken upon itself to direct the Church; the hatred-inspiring utterances of the clerical press; the part which the episcopacy, the clergy, and the orders have played in our political struggles, mostly in direct antagonism with our institutions and our liberties—all this has brought about between civil society and the Romish Church a perilous condition of affairs."

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada has followed other Churches of the Methodist name in the adoption of lay delegation. The General Conference, whose sessions have recently closed at Belleville, has determined that each succeeding Conference shall be composed of an equal number of lay and clerical delegates. The lay delegates will be chosen by electoral colleges.

One of the most frequent arguments of Roman Catholic writers against Protestantism is the immorality of Protestant countries. Not being under the fostering care of the Church, such countries are "godless," and Catholic authors count on their going to destruction with rapid steps. The statistics do not, however, sustain the Catholic reasoning. The Registrar-General of England, to take one instance, in his report for 1876, states that from 1856 to 1865 the illegitimate births in the United Kingdom were 6.4 of the total births; from 1866–75, 5.5; in 1875, 4.8; and in 1876, 4.7. It may be remarked, too, that, according to the Registrar's tables, the migration from Ireland in 1876 numbered only 26,329 persons.

The Evangelical Association, or Methodist Church whose members are popularly known as "Albrights," numbers 19 Annual Conferences, 846 itinerant preachers, 107,732 members, 1422 churches, valued at $3,636,903, and 112,503 Sunday-school scholars.

A Roman correspondent of a Belgian paper has found the key to the policy of **Leo XIII.** in the following language of the late Cardinal **Franchi**: "The temporal power is a means to assure the liberty and independence of the Church, and a means than which it is not easy to discern one better or more opportune. But still it is only a means. The purpose of the Church is the salvation of souls. This mission, which comes to us from Christ, survives the fall of the temporal power. The last will be reestablished, but it will be by the hand of God." If the Pope and his counsellors have reached this degree of resignation, they will soon be reconciled with Italy; they will cease to wait for an armed intervention to restore to them what they have lost. Cardinal **Franchi** is reported to have uttered these words only two weeks before he died. But then reports from Rome have a character of their own.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Hay fever, as well as yellow fever, is believed to be killed by heavy frosts. Neither of these mysterious diseases spreads or flourishes to any extent after vegetation has received its death-blow from autumn's damp and chilling nights. But both seem to baffle medical skill, although hay fever, it is said, never kills its unfortunate victim. We remember to have heard a sufferer at the Hay Fever Convention, at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, discourse at once pathetically and humorously upon the fact—as stated by himself—that hay fever patients were notably long-lived. He cited his own case as an example in proof, the fever having visited him annually for more than fifty years—although half a century ago the disease was known by another name—and his venerable appearance indicated that he was among the eighties. Hundreds of remedies have been suggested and tried for hay fever, but it is now generally conceded that the only sure relief known is for the victim to run away from the regions where it exists. If a patient goes to sea the fever disappears. In the higher localities of the White Mountains and of the Adirondacks it is unknown; so also the highest parts of the Catskills and the Rocky Mountains, the table-lands of Colorado and Upper Minnesota, are free from it. Neither is it known at Halifax, Nova Scotia, nor in New Brunswick. But almost every where else in the country north of the latitude of Cape Hatteras people are liable to hay fever. Every year new theories are advanced in regard to the cause of this autumnal catarrh, generally called hay fever, which usually attacks its victims about August 20, but mystery still surrounds its origin, and high latitudes exempt from it continue to be thronged with sufferers until late October brings relief.

The epidemic of crime seems on the increase. The daily newspapers present an appalling catalogue of murders, suicides, robberies, defalcations, and outrages and violence against the law of almost every name and nature. Penalties should be rigidly enforced by justice; but also the moral nature of the unlawful community should be raised to a higher level by some earnest, vigorous measures. This, however, is not to be the work of a moment; it must be the labor of years, and *children* are the most hopeful subjects upon whom moral influence can be exerted.

A sad case of yellow fever was discovered in this city not long ago. A young man who had taken a room at a hotel, not making his appearance after having spent a day and a night there, his room was opened by the police, and he was found delirious, and evidently exceedingly ill with yellow fever. Letters gave information that he had come from an infected Southern city to escape sickness. He was transferred to quarantine, and soon afterward died.

Statistics collected at Washington show that in one year $600,000,000 were expended for intoxicating liquors in the United States.

During his recent Western tour President Hayes made an address at the Tri-State Fair in Toledo, Ohio, concerning the causes of the financial depression, and the methods by which citizens may aid in establishing better times. He said that one "simple, acknowledged fact" is that the war was the cause of the hard times. During the war business flourished for the time, because the United States government bought of the people, and money was made easily. But when the needs of the government decreased, the "flush times" of war were followed by hard times—a necessary result. But curtailment of expenditures gradually cures this trouble. Mr. Hayes remarked:

> "When the war ended we had a debt of $2,400,000,000 on our shoulders, upon which we were paying seven and three-tenths per cent. interest. Our taxes were raised to nearly $500,000,000 in a time of profound peace. Our currency was worth sixty or seventy cents on the dollar. In our foreign trade the balance was against us nearly $100,000,000 a year. And now how are we? The debt is reduced nearly a third! How many a wise man shook his head at the close of the war and said, 'The people can never pay that debt.' Why, we have got a third of it paid off already. The interest that you paid, that is reduced from $140,000,000 to $95,000,000. We no longer pay seven and three-tenths per cent. interest; we can get all the money we want at four per cent.... As to our balance of trade: before the panic that balance of trade was against us $100,000,000 a year; that is to say, we bought abroad that much more than we sold abroad. How is it to-day? We are selling more produce than ever before in our history; more corn, more wheat. We have even gone so far as to take watches made at Elgin, Illinois, and made in New England, and carry them right over to the foot of the Alps, where the people have been making watches for 300 years, and sell the watches to those people. Now we are selling $207,000,000 a year abroad more than we are buying abroad. How does that operate? As every man who sells more than he buys is getting rich, so it is with the United States. You each of you are getting out of the panic; we are all getting out of the panic; and nothing but our own unwisdom will get us into it."

In the course of his speech Mr. Hayes enlarged upon the fact that the elements of success lay largely in the material wealth derivable from our soil—wealth of grain and wealth of minerals.

At the Paris Exposition Australia has carried off the highest diploma for wheat. She gained a prize for seven samples of wheat and flour.

Originally the *Princess Alice*—the excursion steamer which was recently sunk in the Thames—was licensed to carry four hundred passengers. But a large saloon had been added to the upper deck, and she was permitted to carry nine hundred persons.

On September 24 the contributions to the yellow fever sufferers received by the general associations and by persons engaged in soliciting funds in this city amounted to $329,499 89. The generosity of the North has been most prompt and liberal—so also the gratitude of the South has been impulsive and heartfelt. This time of distress will soften sectional feelings, remove differences, and tend to make our whole country more united in future.

Much excitement has been aroused by several instances of "body-snatching," as it is termed, in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio. In the Homœopathic Medical College three bodies have been discovered, whose graves were found empty soon after their burial. These bodies have been identified by friends, and the college is called to account for the possession of them. Of course they were purchased from the wretches who make a living by supplying subjects for the dissecting table; but the authorities of the college certainly might and should have had knowledge where these subjects were obtained.

Night trains have commenced running on the East Side Elevated Railroad. New cars and locomotives have been received by the Metropolitan Company and put upon the track. Rapid transit is popular, notwithstanding the noise of the trains, and efforts to lessen this continue, various experiments being tried from time to time.

Zell, Switzerland, has suffered from a disastrous flood. The water from the glacier at the head of the valley, swollen by rains, swept down with resistless force, carrying houses, mills, bridges, and growing crops. Starvation threatens the population.

The courage and fidelity of telegraph operators in Southern cities amid the ravages of yellow fever are worthy of highest praise. It seemed a most necessary business to keep open some medium of communication with the outside world, even in those places to which prudence forbade any to go except on errands of mercy; yet for several days, on one occasion, Grenada was left without such communication with the world by the sickness or death of one telegraph operator after another. The fever early attacked the family of the manager of the Grenada office, Thomas F. Marshall, and he alternated between the office and his stricken home until, having buried three children, he himself was smitten down, and died while a fourth child lay, apparently dying, by his side. The duties of the office then fell on the assistant, W. M. Redding. He averaged twenty hours of work daily, until, exhausted, he was attacked by the fever while at his instrument. Two days before this, John F. Heaberg, a volunteer from Winona, Mississippi, had come to his assistance, but he was taken sick the day after Redding, and no one remained in the office. Marshall and Redding both died; and when the condition of things became known, David Flannery, a veteran superintendent at Richmond, Virginia, volunteered to open the Grenada office. In other cities the faithfulness of telegraphers has been equally marked. At Memphis, when all but four out of a force of fifteen men had been prostrated, J. W. M'Donald was attacked while sending a message, and was lifted from his chair with his hand on the key, and carried home. At Vicksburg, after many had succumbed, "Ben" Fortune, of Hickman, Kentucky, was taken sick, but would not leave the instrument for two days, but continued to work, operating with marvellous rapidity. On the third day of his illness he was driven to the office, but was obliged to turn back, and died the next day. Instances might be multiplied showing how heroically the telegraphic fraternity have stood at their posts of duty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Not long ago, as an elderly couple were out walking, a lady on the opposite side of the street tripped and fell down. The old gentleman rushed across the street, raised his hat, and offered to assist her in any possible way. His wife followed him across at a slow pace, and witnessing his devotion to the stranger, she got mad and shook her fist at him. "It's all right—it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it is," she hotly exclaimed: "here an unknown woman stubs her toe, and you plough across the street to eat her up with kindness. The other day when I fell down stairs you stood and laughed and chuckled and tickled your ribs, and wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus!"

Why should a lady's home dress last forever?—Because she never wears it out.

"Mamma, can't we have any thing we want?" "Yes, my dears; but be careful and don't want any thing you can't have."

Hood, in describing the meeting of a man and a lion, said, "The man ran off with all his might, and the lion with all his mane."

Almost every man takes his day off, but we never heard of him bringing it back again.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza?—One stops the nose, and the other knows the stops.

"Why didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impertinent young fop to an omnibus driver. "'Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply.

A Western contemporary has discovered that the number of fools is to the number of wise men as the number of times one gets nothing for something is to the number of times one gets something for nothing.

"How is your stock in trade?" as the drummers said to the hose-dealer.

Passing an automatic buoy which was blowing its lugubrious note, a reflective Bostonian observed: "I'm glad the buoys have got tooters at last. Their education has been too long neglected."

There is a man in Washington the most powerful in the country. He carries a horse scar on his cheek.

You persuade a professional musician, pianist or conductor, to give popular music, and then the critics pitch into him because he "don't [can't] play classical music."

"Oh, I know she loves him," cried the grief-stricken youth. "But how do you know she prefers your rival?" asked the friend. "Ah," was the sad reply, "I saw her look bias at him."

A hen-pecked husband by the name of Home lost a pocket lexicon on the street the other day, and being asked what he was looking for, replied, "Home's wee tome!" Poor fellow! the remark had a wonderful significance to him.

The period spent by a chicken in the shell might be designated as the inter-eggnum.

You can not always tell by the way a person dresses whether his pew is paid for.

Why is a nail, driven fast into a stick of timber, like a decrepit old man?—Because it's in firm.

There were two persons of the name of Dr. John Thomas, not easily to be distinguished; for somebody, says Bishop Newton, was speaking of Dr. Thomas, when it was asked, "Which Dr. Thomas do you mean?" "Dr. John Thomas." "They are both named John." "Dr. John Thomas who has a living in the city." "They both have livings in the city." "Dr. Thomas who is chaplain to the king." "They are both chaplains to the king." "Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher." "They are both good preachers." "Dr. Thomas who squints." "They both squint." They were afterward both bishops.

THE THAMES DISASTER.

The sad story of the sinking of the excursion steamboat *Princess Alice* by the *Bywell Castle* on the river Thames, already familiar to our readers, may be briefly retold in connection with our picture of the terrible disaster. The *Princess Alice*, with a living freight of more than 900 souls, was returning to London early in the evening of September 3, from a pleasure excursion down the river, when the *Bywell Castle*, a huge screw collier, bore down upon her round a bend in the shore. The heavy iron prow, striking the excursion boat on the starboard sponson (the little platform in front of the paddle-box), forced its way through the doomed vessel, and literally cut her in half. The *Princess Alice* sank almost instantly, plunging so violently that those on deck were thrown into the water, as a survivor graphically reports, "like coals down a screen." It is impossible to describe the terror and confusion of the succeeding few moments, but it is some consolation to know that there is no truth in the statement that the *Bywell Castle* went on her way without rendering assistance. She stood by, and did all that it was possible by lowering boats and throwing ropes to save life, as, indeed, did all who were near enough to the spot to be of any service. Boats put out from either shore to pick up the drowning, and many instances of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of those on board are recorded, but in spite of every effort only about 150 persons were saved.

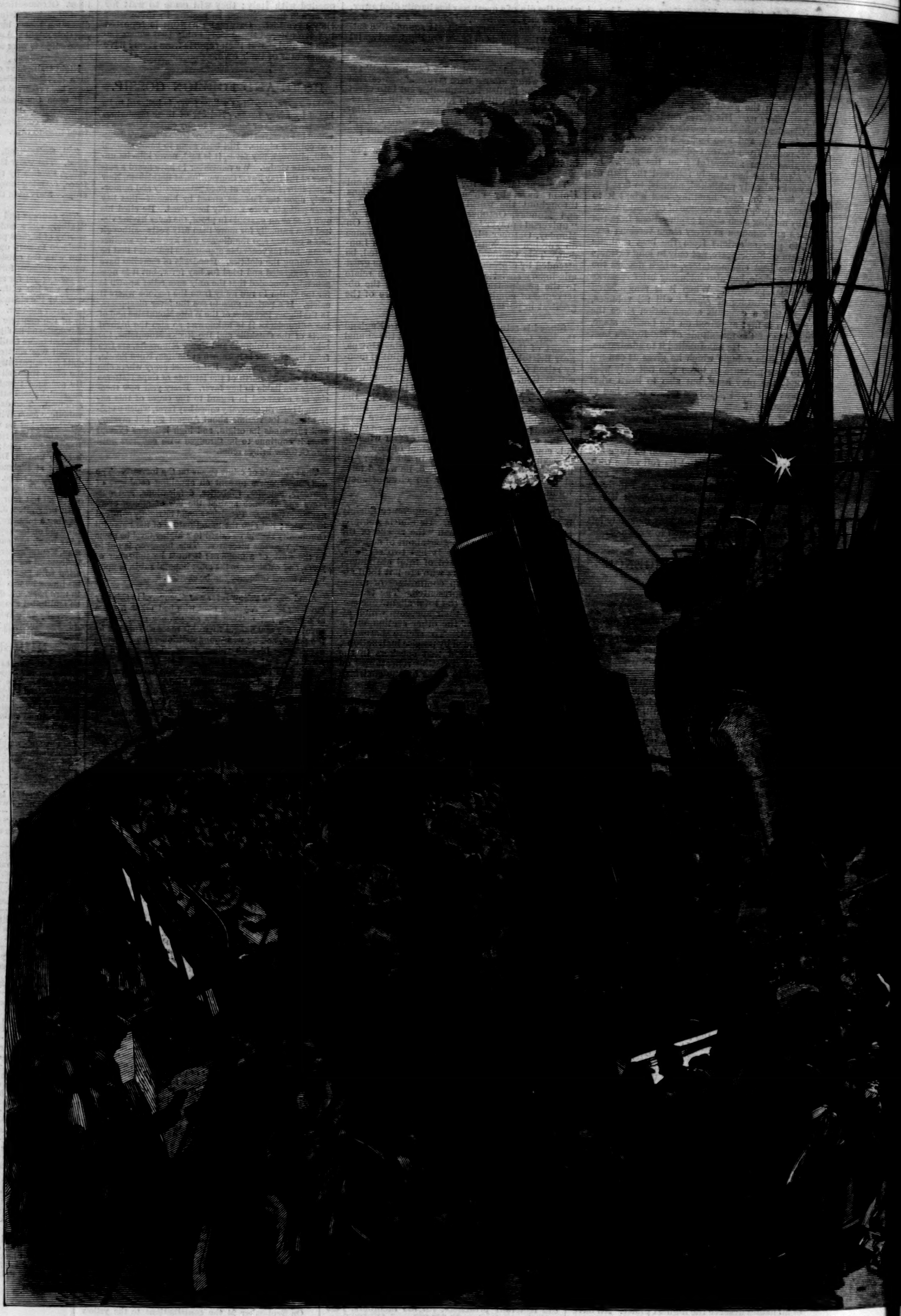
Survivors of this awful calamity say that it was with the utmost difficulty that even strong swimmers could sustain themselves long enough to receive assistance from the boats that put off from the shore and the shipping. The river at the point where the disaster occurred is poisoned by the sewage of the great city, and many persons who could have kept themselves afloat in pure water were suffocated by the foulness of the stream. But the shock was so sudden, and the crowd of helpless, frightened women and children so great, that in any case the number saved must have been comparatively small. They clung together in panic-stricken groups, and pulled each other down into the foul depths. In less time than it has taken to write these lines, all was over: the waves had ingulfed the *Princess Alice*, with hundreds of men, women, and children, and only a few strong swimmers were struggling in the turbid water.

The search for the dead began the next morning. As fast as the bodies were recovered they were taken ashore, most of them to the Woolwich Dockyard, and laid out for identification. In the majority of cases recognition was only possible by the clothing and trinkets found upon them, the faces of the dead being blackened by suffocation, and fearfully distorted by the action of the water.

The correspondents of English and American papers concur in describing the scenes that took place while the work of recovering bodies was going on as hideous in the extreme. Thousands of thieves and roughs of all sorts went down from London, and held a kind of carnival. Dead bodies were stripped of clothing and ornaments; brutes in human shape quarrelled and fought over their prey, and the police seemed to be powerless to put an end to the disgraceful exhibition.

Testimony varies as to the cause of this calamity, and it is as yet undecided upon whom the blame ought to rest. The captain of the *Princess Alice* was among the lost, but the first officer says that the *Bywell Castle* was seen when 150 yards away, and that loud shouts were raised and the steam-whistle sounded to warn her off. On the other hand, the captain of the collier attributes the whole blame to the *Princess Alice* starboarding her helm when she ought to have continued on the port helm. "The navigation of the river," says a London journal, "appears to have been for some years conducted upon a kind of happy-go-lucky system, each pilot doing what seemed right in his own eyes, and accommodating the movements of his vessel to the exigencies of the tide and the circumstances of the moment." It is now proposed to appoint a committee to consider the whole subject of the rule of the road, lights, signals, speed, number of passengers carried, appliances for saving life, and the hours during which passengers should be carried by river steamers. Strange, indeed, that the navigation of so important a river as the Thames should be subject to hap-hazard rules!

The London papers are filled with suggestions of plans to avert such disasters in the future. One gentleman recommends that every person who takes passage on an excursion steamer be provided with some sort of a garment which can be suddenly inflated into a life-preserver! Many other plans, equally absurd, are gravely discussed in the London papers, while the suggestion of a New Yorker, that the river steamers should adopt the simple American code of signaling by the steam-whistle, was treated with silent contempt.



THE GREAT DISASTER ON THE THAMES—COLLISION BETWEEN TH

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A PRETTY HORSE-BREAKER.

The moon had newly risen, a late October moon, a pale silvery crescent, above the dark pine spires in the thicket through which Roderick Vawdrey came, gun
rabbit-shooting. It
home, but he liked th
wood, which had a
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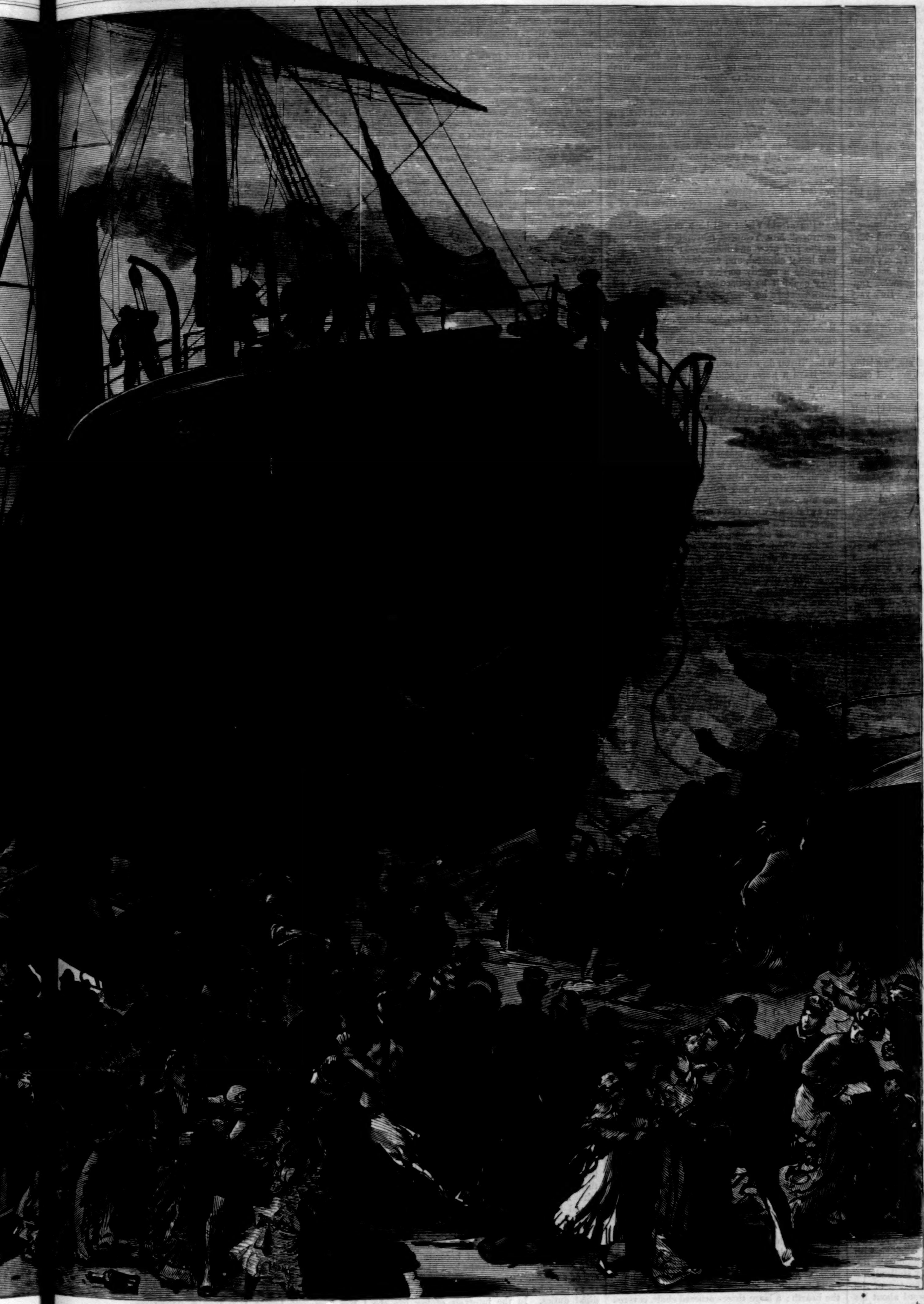

EN TH "PRINCESS ALICE" AND THE "BYWELL CASTLE," NEAR WOOLWICH.

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nd clearing in the pine
tly look at dusk, and
t the dart of a squirrel
was a startling event.
young oak that had
s bark lay across the
of a giant; here and
down and slung across
ng. The ground was

soft and spongy, slippery with damp dead leaves, and inclined in a general way to bogginess; but it was ground that Roderick Vawdrey had known all his life, and it seemed more natural to him than any other spot upon mother earth.

On the edge of this thicket there was a broad ditch, with more mud and dead fern in it than water, and beyond the ditch the fence that inclosed Squire Tempest's domain—an old manor-house in the heart of the New Forest. It had been an abbey before the Reformation, and was still best known as the Abbey House.

"I wonder whether I'm too late to catch her?" speculated Roderick, shifting his bag from one shoulder to the other. "She's no end of fun."

At the end of the clearing there was a broad five-barred gate, and beside the gate a keeper's cottage. The flame of a newly lighted candle flashed out suddenly upon the autumn dusk, while Roderick stood looking at the gate.

"I'll ask at the lodge," he said. "I should like to say good-by to the little thing before I go back to Oxford."

He walked quickly on to the gate. The keeper's children were playing at nothing particular just inside it.

"Has Miss Tempest gone for her ride this afternoon?" he asked.

"Ya-ase," drawled the eldest shock-headed youngster.

"And not come back yet?"

"Noa. If she doant take care she'll be bogged."

Roderick hitched his bag on to the top of the gate, and stood at ease waiting. It was late for the little lady of Tempest Manor to be out on her pony, but then it was an understood thing within a radius of ten miles or so that she was a self-willed young person, and even at fifteen years of age had a knack of following her own inclination with that noble disregard of consequences which characterizes the heaven-born ruler.

Mr. Vawdrey had not waited more than ten minutes when there came the thud of hoofs upon the soft track, a flash of gray in the distance, something flying over those forky branches sprawling across the way, then a half-sweet, half-shrill call, like a bird's, at which the keeper's children scattered themselves like a brood of scared chickens, and now a rush, and a gray pony shooting suddenly into the air and coming down on the other side of the gate, as if he were a new kind of sky-rocket.

"What do you think of that, Rorie?" cried the shrill, sweet voice of the gray pony's rider—"a clean jump, eh?"

"I'm ashamed of you, Vixen," said Roderick. "You'll come to a bad end some of these days."

"I don't care if I do, as long as I get my fling first," replied Vixen, tossing her tawny mane.

She was a slim little thing, in a short Lincoln-green habit. She had a small pale face, brown eyes that sparkled with life and mischief, and a rippling mass of reddish-auburn hair falling down her back under a coquettish little felt hat.

"Hasn't your mamma forbidden jumping, Vixen?" remonstrated Roderick, opening the gate and coming in.

"Yes, that she has, Sir," said the sober old groom, riding up at a jog-trot on his thick-set brown cob. "It's quite against Mrs. Tempest's orders; and it's a great responsibility to go out with Miss Violet. She will do it."

"You mean the pony will do it, Badger," cried Vixen. "I don't jump. How can I help it if papa has given me a jumping pony? If I didn't let Titmouse take a gate when he was in the humor, he'd kick like old boots, and pitch me a cropper. It's an instinct of self-preservation that makes me let him jump. And as for poor dear pretty little mamma," continued Vixen, addressing herself to Roderick, and changing her tone to one of patronizing tenderness, "if she had her way, I should be brought up in a little box wrapped in jeweller's wool to keep me safe. But you see I take after papa, Rorie; and it comes as natural to me to fly over gates as it does to you to get ploughed for smalls. There, Badger," jumping off the pony, "you may take Titmouse home, and I'll come presently and give him some apples, for he has been a dear, darling, precious treasure of a ponykins."

She emphasized this commendation with a kiss on Titmouse's gray nose, and handed the bridle to Badger.

"I'm going to walk home with Mr. Vawdrey," she said.

"But, Vixen, I can't, really," said Roderick. "I'm due at home at this moment, only I couldn't leave without saying good-by to little Vix."

"And you're overdue at Oxford, too, aren't you?" cried Vixen, laughing; "you're always due somewhere—never in the right place. But whether you are due or not, you're coming up to the stables with me to give Titmouse his apples, and then you're coming to dine with us on your last night at home. I insist upon it; papa insists; mamma insists—we all insist."

"My mother will be as angry as—"

"Old boots!" interjected Vixen. "That's the best comparison I know."

"Awfully vulgar for a young lady."

"You taught it me. How can I help being vulgar when I associate with you? You should hear Miss M'Croke preach at me—sermons so long"—here Vixen extended her arms to the uttermost—"and I'm afraid they'd make as much impression on Titmouse as they do upon me. But she's a dear old thing, and I love her immensely."

This was always Vixen's way, making up for all short-comings with the abundance of her love. The heart was always atoning for the errors of the head.

"I wouldn't be Miss M'Croke for any thing. She must have a bad time of it with you."

"She has," assented Vixen, with a remorseful sigh. "I fear I'm bringing her sandy hairs in sorrow to the grave. That hair of hers never could be gray, you know; it's too self-opinionated in its sandiness. Now come along, Rorie, do! Titmouse will be stamping about his box like a maniac if he doesn't get those apples."

She gave a little tug with both her small doeskin-covered hands at Roderick's arm. He was still standing by the gate irresolute, inclination drawing him to the Abbey House, duty calling him home to Briarwood, five miles off, where his widowed mother was expecting his return.

"My last night at home, Vix," he said, remonstrantly; "I really ought to dine with my mother."

"Of course you ought, and that's the very reason why you'll dine with us. So 'Kim over now,' as Badger says to the horses. I don't know what there is for dinner," she added, confidentially, "but I feel sure it's something nice. Dinner is papa's strong point, you know. He's very weak about dinner."

"Not so weak as he is about you, Vixen."

"Do you really think papa is as fond of me as he is of his dinner?"

"I'm sure of it!"

"Then he must be very fond of me," exclaimed Vixen, with conviction. "Now, are you coming?"

Who could resist those little soft hands in doeskin? Certainly not Rorie. He resigned himself to the endurance of his mother's anger in the future as a price to be paid for the indulgence of his inclination in the present, gave Vixen his arm, and turned his face toward the Abbey House.

They walked through shrubberies that would have seemed a pathless wilderness to a stranger, but every turn in which was familiar to these two. The ground was undulating, and vast thickets of rhododendron and azalea rose high above them, or sank in green valleys below their path. Here and there a group of tall firs towered skyward above the dark entanglement of shrubs, or a great beech spread its wide limbs over the hollows; here and there a pool of water reflected the pale moonshine.

The house lay low, sheltered and shut in by those rhododendron thickets, a long, rambling pile of building, which had been added to, and altered, and taken away from, and added to again, like that well-known puzzle in mental arithmetic which used to amuse us in our childhood. It was all gables, and chimney-stacks, and odd angles, and ivy-mantled wall, and richly mullioned windows, or quaint little diamond-paned lattices, peeping like a watchful eye from under the shadow of a jutting cornice. The stables had been added in Queen Elizabeth's time, after the monks had been routed from their snug quarters, and the Abbey had been bestowed upon one of the Tudor favorites. These Elizabethan stables formed the four sides of a quadrangle, stone-paved, with an old marble basin in the centre—a basin which the vicar pronounced to be an early Saxon font, but which Squire Tempest refused to have removed from the place it had occupied ever since the stables were built. There were curious carvings upon the six sides, but so covered with mosses and lichens that nobody could tell what they meant; and the squire forbade any scraping process by officious antiquarians, which might lead to somebody's forcible appropriation of the ancient basin.

The squire was not so modern in his ideas as to set up his own gasometer, so the stables were lighted by lanterns, with an oil-lamp fixed here and there against the wall. Into this dim, uncertain light came Roderick and Vixen through the deep stone archway which opened from the shrubbery into the stable-yard, and which was solid enough for the gate of a fortified town.

Titmouse's stable was lighted better than the rest. The door stood open, and there was Titmouse, with the neat little quilted doeskin saddle still on his back, waiting to be fed and petted by his young mistress. It was a pretty picture, the old low-ceiled stable, with its wide stalls and roomy loose boxes and carpet of plaited straw, golden against the deep brown of the wood-work.

Vixen ran into the box and took off Titmouse's bridle, he holding down his head, like a child submitting to be undressed. Then, with many vigorous tugs at straps and buckles, and a good deal of screwing up of her rosy lips in the course of the effort, Vixen took off her pony's saddle.

"I like to do every thing I can for him," she explained, as Rorie watched her with an amused smile. "I'd wisp him down if they'd let me."

She left the leather panel on Titmouse's back, hung up saddle and bridle, and skipped off to a corn chest to hunt for apples. Of these she brought half a dozen or so in the skirt of her habit, and then, swinging herself lightly into a comfortable corner of the manger, began to carry out her system of reward for good conduct, with much coquetry on her part and Titmouse's, Rorie watching it all from the empty stall adjoining, his folded arms resting on the top of the partition. He said not another word about his mother, or the duty that called him home to Briarwood, but stood and watched this pretty horse-breaker in a dreamy contentment.

What was Violet Tempest, otherwise Vixen, like, this October evening, just three months before her fifteenth birthday? She made a lovely picture in this dim light, as she sat in the corner of the old manger, holding a rosy-cheeked apple at a tantalizing distance from Titmouse's nose; but she was, perhaps, not altogether lovely. She was brilliant rather than absolutely beautiful. The white skin was powdered with freckles. The rippling hair was too warm an auburn to escape an occasional unfriendly remark from captious critics, but it was not red hair for all that. The eyes were brownest of the brown, large, bright, and full of expression. The mouth was a thought too wide, but it was a lovely mouth notwithstanding. The lips were full and firmly moulded—lips that could mean any thing, from melting tenderness to sternest resolve. Such lips, a little parted to show the whitest, evenest teeth in Hampshire, seemed to Rorie lovely enough to please the most critical connoisseur of feminine beauty. The nose was short and straight, but had a trick of tilting itself upward with a little impatient jerk that made it seem retroussé; the chin was round and full and dimpled; the throat was full and round also—a white column supporting the tawny head, and indicated that Vixen was meant to be a powerful woman, and not one of those ethereal nymphs who lend themselves most readily to the decorative art of a court milliner.

"I'm afraid Violet will be a dreadfully large creature," Mrs. Tempest murmured, plaintively, as the girl grew and flourished; that lady herself being ethereal, and considering her own appearance a strictly correct standard of beauty. How could it be otherwise, when she had been known before her marriage as "the pretty Miss Calthorpe?"

"This is very nice, you know, Vixen," said Roderick, critically, as Titmouse made a greedy snap at an apple, and was repulsed with a gentle pat on his nose, "but it can't go on forever. What 'll you do when you are grown up?"

"Have a horse instead of a pony," answered Vixen, unhesitatingly.

"And will that be all the difference?"

"I don't see what other difference there can be. I shall always love papa; I shall always love hunting; I shall always love mamma—as much as she'll let me. What difference can a few more birthdays make in me? I shall be too big for Titmouse, that's the only misfortune; but I shall always keep him for my pet, and I'll have a basket-carriage, and drive him when I go to see my poor people. Sitting behind a pony is an awful bore when one's natural place is on his back; but I'd sooner endure it than let Titmouse fancy himself superannuated."

"But when you're grown up you'll have to come out, Vixen. You'll be obliged to go to London for a season, and be presented, and go to no end of balls, and ride in the Row, and make a grand marriage, and have a page all to yourself in the *Court Journal.*"

"Catch me—going to London!" exclaimed Vixen, ignoring the latter part of the sentence. "Papa hates London, and so do I. And as to riding in Rotten Row, *je voudrais bien me voir faisant cela,*" added Vixen, whose study of the French language chiefly resulted in the endeavor to translate English slang into that tongue. "No, when I grow up I shall take papa the tour of Europe. We'll see all those places I'm worried about at lessons—Marathon, Egypt, Naples, the Peloponnesus, *tout le tremblement*—and I shall say to each of them, 'Oh, this is you, is it? What a nuisance you've been to me on the map!' We shall go up Mount Vesuvius, and the Pyramids, and do all sorts of wild things; and by the time I come home I shall have forgotten the whole of my education."

"If Miss M'Croke could hear you!"

"She does, often. You can't imagine the wild things I say to her. But I love her—fondly."

A great bell clanged out with a vigorous peal that seemed to shake the old stable.

"There's the first bell; I must run and dress. Come to the drawing-room and see mamma."

"But, Vixen, how can I sit down to dinner in such a costume?" remonstrated Rorie, looking down at his brown shooting suit, leather gaiters, and tremendous boots—boots which, instead of being beautified with blacking, were suppled with tallow. "I can't do it, really."

"Nonsense!" cried Vixen; "what does it matter? Papa seldom dresses for dinner. I believe he considers it a sacrifice to mamma's sense of propriety when he washes his hands after coming in from the home farm. And you are only a boy—I beg pardon—an under-graduate. So come along."

"But upon my word, Vixen, I feel too much ashamed of myself."

"I've asked you to dinner, and you've accepted," cried Vixen, pulling him out of the stable by the lapel of his shooting jacket.

He seemed to relish that mode of locomotion, for he allowed himself to be pulled all the way to the hall door, and into the glow of the great big fire—a ruddy light which shone upon many a sporting trophy, and reflected itself on many a gleaming pike and cuirass, belonging to days of old, when gentlemanly sport for the most part meant man-hunting.

It was a fine old vaulted hall, a place to love, and remember lovingly when far away. The walls were all of darkly bright oak panelling, save where here and there a square of tapestry hung before a door, or a painted window let in the moonlight. At one end there was a great arched fire-place, the arch surmounted with Squire Tempest's armorial bearings, roughly cut in freestone. A mailed figure of the usual stumpy build, in helm and hauberk, stood on each side of the hearth; a large three-cornered chair, covered with stamped and gilded leather, was drawn up to the fireside, the squire's favorite seat on an autumn or winter afternoon. The chair was empty now, but, stretched at full length before the blazing logs, lay the squire's chosen companion, Nip, a powerful liver-colored pointer; and beside him, in equally luxurious rest, reclined Argus, Vixen's mastiff. There was a story about Vixen and the mastiff, involving the only incident in that young lady's life the recollection whereof could make her blush.

The dog, apparently coiled in deepest slumber, heard the light footsteps on the hall floor, pricked up his tawny ears, sprang to his feet, and bounded over to his young mistress, whom he nearly knocked down in the warmth of his welcome. Nip, the pointer, blinked at the intruders, yawned desperately, stretched himself a trifle longer, and relapsed into slumber.

"How fond that brute is of you!" said Rorie; "but it's no wonder, when one considers what you did for him."

"If you say another word I shall hate you," cried Vixen, savagely.

"Well, but you know when a fellow fights another fellow's battles, the other fellow's bound to be fond of him; and when a young lady pitches into a bird-boy with her riding-whip to save a mastiff pup from ill-usage, that mastiff pup is bound—"

"Mamma," cried Vixen, flinging aside a tapestry portière, and bouncing into the drawing-room, "here's Roderick; and he's come to dinner, and you must excuse his shooting dress, please; I'm sure pa will."

"Certainly, my dear Violet," replied a gentle, *trainante* voice from the fire-lit dimness near the velvet-curtained hearth. "Of course I am always glad to see Mr. Vawdrey when your papa asks him. Where did you meet the squire, Roderick?"

"Upon my word, Mrs. Tempest," faltered Rorie, coming slowly forward into the ruddy glow, "I feel quite awfully ashamed of myself; I've been rabbit-shooting, and I'm a most horrid object. It wasn't the squire asked me. It was Vixen."

Vixen made a ferocious grimace at him—he could just see her distorted countenance in the fire-light—and further expressed her aggravation by a smart crack of her whip.

"Violet, my love, you have such startling ways," exclaimed Mrs. Tempest, with a long-suffering air. "Really, Miss M'Croke, you ought to try and correct her of those startling ways."

On this Roderick became aware of a stout figure in a tartan dress knitting industriously on the side of the hearth opposite Mrs. Tempest's sofa. He could just see the flash of those active needles, and could just hear Miss M'Croke murmur placidly that she had corrected Violet, and that it was no use.

Rorie remembered that plaid poplin dress when he was at Eton. It was a royal Stuart, too brilliant to be forgotten. He used to wonder whether it would ever wear out, or whether it was not made of some indestructible tissue, like asbestos—a fabric that neither time nor fire could destroy.

"It was Rorie's last night, you see, mamma," apologized Vixen, "and I knew you and papa would like him to come, and that you wouldn't mind his shooting clothes a bit, though they do make him look like the under-keeper, except that the under-keeper's better-looking than Rorie, and has finished growing his whiskers, instead of living in the expectation of them."

And with this Parthian shot Vixen made a pirouette on her neat little morocco-shod toes, and whisked herself out of the room, leaving Roderick Vawdrey to make the best of his existence for the next twenty minutes with the two women he always found it most difficult to get on with, Mrs. Tempest and Miss M'Croke.

The logs broke into a crackling blaze just at this moment, and lighted up that luxurious hearth and the two figures beside it.

It was the prettiest thing imaginable in the way of a drawing-room, that spacious, low-ceiled chamber in the Abbey House.

The oak panelling was painted white—a barbarity on the part of those modern Goths, the West End decorators, but a charming background for quaint Venetian mirrors, hanging shelves of curious old china, dainty little groups of richly bound duodecimos, brackets, bronzes, freshest flowers in majolica jars; water-color sketches by Hunt, Prout, Cattermole, and Duncan; sage-green silk curtains, black and gold furniture, and all the latest prettinesses of the new Jacobean school. The mixture of real mediævalism and modern quaintness was delightful. One hardly knew where the rococo began or the mediæval left off. The good old square fire-place, with its projecting canopy, and columns in white and colored marbles, was as old as the days of Inigo Jones; but the painted tiles, with their designs from the Iliad and Odyssey after Dante Rossetti, were the newest thing from Minton's factory.

Even Rorie felt that the room was pretty, though he did above all things abhor to be trapped in it, as he found himself this October evening.

"There's a great lot of rubbish in it," he used to say of Mrs. Tempest's drawing-room, "but it's rather nice altogether."

Mrs. Tempest at five-and-thirty still retained the good looks which had distinguished Miss Calthrope at nineteen. She was small and slim, with a delicate complexion; soft blue eyes, a limpid innocent azure; regular features, rosebud lips, hands after Velasquez; and an unexceptionable taste in dress, the selection of which formed one of the most onerous occupations of her life. To attire herself becomingly, and to give the squire the dinners he best liked, in an order of succession so dexterously arranged as never to provoke satiety, were Mrs. Tempest's cardinal duties. In the intervals of her life she read modern poetry, French novels, and reviews; did a little high-art needle-work, played Mendelssohn's Lieder, sang three French chansons which her husband liked, slept, and drank orange pekoe. In the consumption of this last article, Mrs. Tempest was as bad as a dram-drinker. She declared her inability to support life without that gentle stimulant, and required to be wound up at various hours of her languid day with a dose of her favorite beverage.

"I think I'll take a cup of tea," was Mrs. Tempest's inevitable remark at every crisis of her existence.

"And so you are going back to Oxford, Roderick?" the lady began, with a languid kindness.

Mrs. Tempest had never been known to be unkind to any one. She regarded all her fellow-creatures with a gentle tolerance. They were there, a necessary element of the universe, and she bore with them. But she had never attached herself particularly to any body except the squire. Him she adored. He took all the trouble of life off her hands, and gave her all good things. She had been poor, and he had made her rich; nobody, and he had elevated her into somebody. She loved him with a canine fidelity, and felt toward him as a dog feels toward his master—that in him this round world begins and ends.

"Yes," assented Rorie, with a sigh, "I'm going up to-morrow."

"Why up?" inquired Miss M'Croke, without lifting her eyes from her needles. "It isn't up on the map."

"I hope you are going to get a grand degree," continued Mrs. Tempest, in that soft, conciliatory voice of hers—"Senior Wrangler, or something."

"That's the other shop," exclaimed Rorie; "they grow that sort of timber at Cambridge. However, I hope to pull myself through somehow or other this time, for my mother's sake. She attaches a good deal of importance to it, though for my own part I can't see what good it can do me. It won't make me farm my own land better, or ride straighter to hounds, or do my duty better to my tenants."

"Education," said Miss M'Croke, sententiously, "is always a good, and we can not too highly estimate its influence upon—"

"Oh yes, I know," answered Rorie, quickly, for he knew that when the flood-gates of Miss M'Croke's eloquence were once loosened the tide ran strong; "when house and lands are gone and spent a man may turn usher in an academy, and earn fifty pounds a year and his laundress's bill by grinding Cæsar's Commentaries into small boys. But I shouldn't lay in a stock of learning with that view. When my house and lands are gone, I'll go after them—emigrate, and go into the lumber trade in Canada."

"What a dreadful idea!" said Mrs. Tempest. "But you are not going to lose house and lands, Roderick—such a nice place as Briarwood."

"To my mind it's rather a commonplace hole," answered the young man, carelessly; "but the land is some of the best in the county."

It must be nearly seven by this time, he thought. He was getting through this period of probation better than he had expected. Mrs. Tempest gave a little stifled yawn behind her huge black fan, upon which cupids and graces were depicted dancing in the airiest attitudes, after Boucher. Roderick would have liked to yawn in concert, but at this juncture a sudden ray of light flashed upon him and showed him a way of escape.

"I think I'll go to the gentleman's room, and make myself decent before the second bell rings," he said.

"Do," assented Mrs. Tempest, with another yawn; and the young man fled.

He had only time to scramble through a hurried toilet, and was still feeling very doubtful as to the parting of his short, crisp hair, when the gong boomed out its friendly summons. The gentleman's room opened out from the hall, and Rorie heard the squire's loud and jovial voice uplifted as he raised the tapestry curtain.

Mr. Tempest was standing in front of the log fire, pulling Vixen's auburn hair. The girl had put on a picturesque brown velvet frock. A scarlet sash was tied loosely round her willowy waist, and a scarlet ribbon held back the loose masses of her bright hair.

"A study in red and brown," thought Rorie, as the fire-glow lit up the picture of the squire in his hunting dress and the girl in her warm velvet gown.

"Such a run, Rorie!" cried the squire. "We dawdled about among the furze from twelve till four doing nothing, and just as it was getting dark started a stag up on the high ground this side of Pickett's Post, and ran him nearly into Ringwood. Go in and fetch my wife, Rorie. Oh, here she is"—as the portière was lifted by a white ringed hand. "You must excuse me sitting down in pink to-day, Pamela; I only got in as the gong began to sound, and I'm as hungry as the proverbial hunter."

"You know I always think you handsomest in your red coat, Edward," replied the submissive wife; "but I hope you're not very muddy."

"I won't answer for myself, but I haven't been actually up to my neck in a bog."

Rorie offered his arm to Mrs. Tempest, and they all went in to dinner, the squire still playing with his daughter's hair, and Miss M'Croke bringing up the rear solemnly.

The dining-room at the Abbey House was the ancient refectory, large enough for a mess-room; so when there were no visitors the Tempests dined in the library, a handsome square room, in which old family portraits looked down from the oak panelling above the dwarf book-cases, and in which the literary element was not obtrusively conspicuous. You felt that it was a room quite as well adapted for conviviality as for study. There was a cottage piano in a snug corner by the fire-place. The squire's capacious arm-chair stood on the other side of the hearth, Mrs. Tempest's low chair and gypsy table facing it. The old oak buffet opposite the chimney-piece was a splendid specimen of Elizabethan carving, and made a rich background for the squire's racing cups, and a pair of Oliver Cromwell tankards, plain and unornamental as that illustrious Roundhead himself.

It was a delightful room on a chill October evening like this; the logs roaring up the wide chimney, a pair of bronze candelabra lighting the room and table, Mrs. Tempest smiling pleasantly at her unbidden guest, and the squire stooping, red-faced and plethoric, over his mullagatawny; while Vixen, who was at an age when dinner is a secondary consideration, was amusing herself with the dogs, gentlemanly animals, too well-bred to be importunate in their demands for an occasional tidbit, and content to lie in superb attitudes, looking up at the eaters with supplication in their great pathetic brown eyes.

"Rorie is going up to-morrow—not in a balloon, but to Magdalen College, Oxford—so, as this was his last night, I made him come to dinner," explained Vixen, presently. "I hope I didn't do wrong."

"Rorie knows he's always welcome. Have some more of that mullagatawny, my lad; it's uncommonly good."

Rorie declined the mullagatawny, being at this moment deeply engaged in watching Vixen and the dogs. Nip, the liver-colored pointer, was performing his celebrated statue feat. With his fore-legs stiffly extended, and his head proudly poised, he simulated a dog of marble; and if it had not been for the occasional bumping of his tail upon the Persian carpet, in an irresistible wag of self-approbation, the simulation would have been perfect.

"Look, papa! isn't it beautiful? I went out of the room the other day, while Nip was doing the statue, after I'd told him not to move a paw, and I staid away quite five minutes, and then stole quietly back; and there he was, lying as still as if he'd been carved out of stone. Wasn't that fidelity?"

"Nonsense!" cried the squire. "But how do you know that Nip didn't wind you as you opened the door, and get himself into position? What are these?" as the old silver entrée dishes came round. "Stewed eels? You never forgot my tastes, Pamela."

"Stewed eels, Sir; sole maître d'hôtel," said the butler, in the usual suppressed and deferential tone.

Rorie helped himself automatically, and went on looking at Vixen.

Her praises of Nip had kindled jealous fires in the breast of Argus, her own particular favorite; and the blunt black muzzle had been thrust vehemently under her velvet sleeve.

"Argus is angry," said Rorie.

"He's a dear old foolish thing to be jealous," answered Vixen, "when he knows I'd go through fire and water for him."

"Or even fight a big boy," cried the squire, throwing himself back in his chair with the unctuous laughter of a man who is dining well, and knows it.

Vixen blushed rosiest red at the allusion.

"Papa, you oughtn't to say such things," she cried. "I was a little bit of a child then."

"Yes, and flew at a great boy of fourteen and licked him," exclaimed the squire, rapturously. "You know the story, don't you, Rorie?"

Rorie had heard it twenty times, but looked the picture of ignorant expectancy.

"You know how Vixen came by Argus? What, you don't? Well, I'll tell you. This little yellow-haired lass of mine was barely nine years old, and she was riding through the village on her pony, with young Stubbs behind her on the sorrel mare—and, you know, to her dying day, that sorrel would never let any one dismount her quietly. Now what does Vixen spy but a lubberly lad and a lot of small children ill-using a mastiff pup? They'd tied a tin kettle to the brute's tail, and were doing their best to drown him. There's a pond just beyond Mrs. Farley's cottage, you know, and into that pond they'd driven the puppy, and wouldn't let him get out of it. As fast as he scrambled up the muddy bank they drove him back into the water."

"Papa darling," pleaded Vixen, despairingly, "Rorie has heard it all a thousand times before. Haven't you now, Rorie?"

"It's as new to me as to-morrow's *Times*," said Roderick, with effrontery.

"Vixen was off the pony before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' She flew into the midst of the dirty little ragamuffins, seized the biggest by the collar, and trundled him backward into the pond, then laid about her right and left with her whip till the wretches scampered off, leaving Vixen and the puppy masters of the situation, and by this time the sorrel mare had allowed Stubbs to get off her, and Stubbs came up to her rescue. The young ringleader had been too much surprised by his ducking to pull himself together again before this, but he came up to time now, and had it out with Stubbs, while the sorrel was doing as much damage as she conveniently could to Mrs. Farley's palings. 'Don't quite kill him, please, Stubbs,' cried Vixen, 'although he richly deserves it,' and then she took the muddy little beast up in her arms and ran home, leaving her pony to fate and Stubbs. Stubbs told me the whole story, with tears in his eyes. 'Who'd ha' thought, squire, the little lady would ha' been such a game 'un?' said Stubbs."

"It's very horrid of you, papa, to tell such silly old stories," remonstrated Vixen. "That was nearly seven years ago, and Dr. Dewsnapp told us that every body undergoes a complete change of—what is it?—all the tissues—in seven years. I'm not the same Vixen that pushed the boy into the pond. There's not a bit of her left in me."

And so the dinner went on and ended, with a good deal of distraction, caused by the dogs, and a mild little remark now and then from Mrs. Tempest, or a wise interjection now and then from Miss M'Croke, who in a manner represented the Goddess of Wisdom in this somewhat frivolous family, and came in with a corrective and solemnly rational observation when the talk was drifting toward idiocy.

The filberts, bloomy purple grapes, and ruddy pippins, and yellow William pears had gone their rounds—all home produce—and had been admired and praised, and the squire's voice was mellowing after his second glass of port, when the butler came in with a letter on a salver, and brought it, with muffled footfall and solemn visage, as of one who carried a death-warrant, to Roderick Vawdrey.

The young man looked at it as if he had encountered an unexpected visitor of the adder tribe.

"My mother," he faltered.

It was a large and handsome letter with a big red seal.

"May I?" asked Rorie, with a troubled visage, and having received his host and hostess's assent, broke the seal.

"Dear Roderick,—Is it quite kind of you to absent yourself on this your last night at home? I feel very sure that this will find you at the Abbey House, and I send the brougham at a venture. Be good enough to come home at once. The Dovedales arrived at Ashbourne quite unexpectedly this afternoon, and are dining with me on purpose to see you before you go back to Oxford. If your own good feeling did not urge you to spend this last evening with me, I wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Tempest were not kind enough to suggest to you which way your duty lay. Yours, anxiously, Jane Vawdrey."

Roderick crumpled the letter with an angry look. That fling at the Tempests hit him hard. Why was it that his mother was always so ready to find fault with these chosen friends of his?

"Any thing wrong, Rorie?" asked the squire.

"Nothing; except that the Dovedales are dining with my mother, and I'm to go home directly."

"If you please, ma'am, Master Vawdrey's servant has come for him," said Vixen, mimicking the style of announcement at a juvenile party. "It's quite too bad, Rorie," she went on; "I had made up my mind to beat you at pyramids; but I dare say you're very glad to have the chance of seeing your pretty cousin before you leave Hampshire."

But Rorie shook his head dolefully, made his adieux, and departed.

[to be continued.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The only advices received, so far, from the schooner *Florence* and her party, of the Howgate expedition, were brought recently to New London by Captain Roach, the master of a whaler that was wrecked in the arctic seas in October, 1876. He left the vessel in Naintook Harbor on the 5th of July, all on board being well. Mr. Sherman had been diligently occupied in obtaining meteorological data, for which in great part the expedition was fitted out, and had erected an observatory on shore for the purpose. Mr. Kumlein (the naturalist), too, had been quite successful in securing specimens of natural history. Captain Tyson intended to leave for home on the 15th of August, and he may consequently be expected to arrive before long.

Dr. Pechuel-Loesche, of Leipsic, is endeavoring to obtain data as to the extent to which uncivilized people can distinguish colors, and have specific names for them. For this purpose he has distributed largely to all parts of the world a scale of colors, with their German and English equivalents, with blanks for the answers.

According to the recent report of Sir Joseph Hooker on the condition of Kew Gardens, the number of visitors during the year amounted to 687,972, a great increase over the number in 1876. Referring to his visit in North America, Sir Joseph remarked that in the most remote part of the country the existence and character of Kew Gardens were known to almost every one, and that the fact of his connection with them was a sure passport to attention and consideration. Indeed, he is of the opinion that the character and progress of such establishments as Kew, the British Museum, etc., are better known and appreciated among all classes of people in America than they are in the United Kingdom itself.

Public attention has frequently been called to the ravages by wild animals, especially tigers and snakes, in India, but we are hardly prepared to learn of the amount of damage by wolves in Russia. It appears that during 1876 in a single province 5880 horses and horned cattle, 56,000 small cattle, 22,000 domestic fowls, and more than 1000 dogs were destroyed by these animals. Their ravages were even greater in 1877. The loss of property during the two years is estimated at nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

Botanists will be gratified to learn that the publication of De Candolle's *Prodromus* has been resumed by the issue of the first volume of a new series. This contains monographs of three orders elaborated by the Messrs. De Candolle and Masters.

We have already noticed the death of William Hewitson, Esq., well known for his beautiful works on British oology and the butterflies, and the fact of his having made a large number of legacies in the interest of his favorite branch of natural history. America participates in his benefactions. Among these a considerable sum has been left to Herman Strecker, of Reading, to enable him to carry on his illustrated and other publications on the butterflies. Mr. Strecker has for many years been in correspondence with Mr. Hewitson, and has been the recipient at his hands of many extremely rare and valuable specimens of lepidoptera.

It is announced that the extensive collections made by Signor D'Albertis during his recent expeditions up the Fly River, New Guinea, have been sold to the Marquis G. Doria, of Genoa. They will probably be deposited in the Museo Civico, an institution established by the marquis.

Professor G. De Mortillet proposes to study anthropology from its most charming aspect, and for that purpose is collecting in an album photographs of the most beautiful women, of all types of beauty, from all nations. He bases this on the ground that the most beautiful persons in each race ought to be the most typical, if the law of selection is real. The professor calls upon every one to assist him in this work. The collection is to be composed of uncolored photographs only, from carte-de-visite to picture size. The name and social position of the persons will be important, but not necessary. It is indispensable, however, to know the place of birth, the nationality, and the race; also, whether the race is pure, or whether the father and mother are of different races and nations. Communications should be addressed to M. G. De Mortillet, au Château de St. Germain-en-Laye (Seine-et-Oise), or at the Exhibition of Anthropological Sciences, Paris.

An important enterprise has lately been undertaken by Mr. Hemsley in the preparation of a systematic work upon the plants of Mexico and Central America, which will probably contain a list of all the species, with descriptions of a number hitherto undescribed. The idea was first started by Professors Salvin and Godman for the purpose of serving as an accompaniment to their work on the zoology of the same region. The material is furnished largely from the collections in Kew Gardens, as also from specimens collected by Messrs. Salvin and Godman themselves.

The long talked of division of the collections of the British Museum is assured by the fact that a bill has passed the House of Commons authorizing the removal of the collections of zoology, geology, palæontology, and mineralogy to the new buildings at South Kensington, which have been constructed at much expense to receive them. The pictures are to be sent to the National Gallery or the National Portrait Gallery, leaving the original building for the collections of books, manuscripts, antiquities, etc. A clause in the bill authorizes the trustees to give away duplicate specimens of the Museum. Heretofore, under the rules, it has been impossible to dispose of any specimens whatever, even in exchange for others more desirable, and no matter what their condition, thus adding greatly to the burden of the curators in taking charge of the collection.

The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which recently closed at St. Louis, was quite a success, though the number of persons in attendance and the number of articles offered were less than at the previous year's meeting. It is possible that many persons were deterred from attending by the unfounded reports of cases of yellow fever in that city. The next meeting will be held at Saratoga, where a large attendance is expected.

The forty-eighth meeting of the British Association, held at Dublin, has also closed its labors, and was, it is said, entirely satisfactory, though less enthusiastic than some of its predecessors. The assistant secretary, Mr. Griffith, who has held that position for sixteen years, resigned in favor of Mr. Gordon. Among the Americans present were Professors Cope and Dall. The meeting of the Association in 1879 will be at Sheffield; in 1880, at Swansea; and in 1881, at York.

A very fair collection of the birds of Formosa and China, by Mr. Robert Swinhoe, made during a period of many years' residence in those regions as British consul, is offered for sale, presenting the best possible opportunity of obtaining a nearly complete representation of the ornithology of those little known countries.

A recent chemical investigation of the milk from the so-called cow-tree, or *galactodendron*, of South America, has shown its relation to animal milk to be closer than had hitherto been supposed. M. Boussingault, who was familiar with it fifty years ago, while taking part with Bolivar in the war of independence, reports that it is thicker than cow's milk, and exhibits a slightly acid reaction. When exposed to the air it becomes coagulated into a kind of cheese. This contains a complex fatty matter analogous to bees-wax, and capable of being converted into excellent candles. There is also nitrogenous matter which suggests albumen or vegetable fibrine. Sugar, salts of potash, lime, magnesia, certain phosphates, and water complete the composition of this interesting liquid. Although containing the same elements as cow's milk, it differs from it in the composition. With cream, however, it bears a close relationship. The percentages of butter, sugar, phosphates, and water differ. Boussingault thinks the new tree could be naturalized in Algeria, but that it is perhaps more valuable for its wax than for any thing else. It must not be forgotten, however, that the milk of this tree is considered in South America an absolute preventive of dysentery, and that a considerable quantity has been imported into London as a remedy, where it has been used with much success.

TYPES OF TRAMPS.

In view of the interest felt in the constantly increasing tribe of vagrants called by the suggestive name of "tramps," we give, on page 816, a few sketches of different types of the race.

Of the representative tramp we have all seen numerous specimens prowling about ash barrels and area steps, or dozing in the parks. He rarely asks you for alms in the street, being too enfeebled in body and bankrupt in nerve for such audacity. He sleeps in lumber-yards, in vacant lots, or any where the police will let him, and refreshes himself in the morning from the lees of lager-beer barrels drawn off into old tomato cans.

One is sometimes accosted in the street by a tall, venerable, fine-looking old gentleman, who might at first sight be taken for a retired sea-captain or produce merchant, or possibly a large steam-ship owner, or a capitalist of some kind. He tells you he is in need, that he has a poor old wife at home, and nothing to give her to eat. He was a rich man once, he tells you, and it comes hard on him, at eighty-seven years of age, to be without food, even if he were not afflicted with rheumatism and other infirmities. Poor old fellow! No doubt, in his day, "no better man was found by the crier on his round through the town."

The truculent tramp is generally rather more comfortably attired than the majority of his kind, for modest misery, like modest merit, is not fully appreciated, as a general rule. Perhaps he succeeds in frightening lone women into gifts of raiment and food, and perhaps he sometimes helps himself. We hear of him at lonely mansions and secluded farm-houses, and read of him in local papers, but he does not assert himself much in large cities; he has an aversion to brass buttons, and prefers ladies' society.

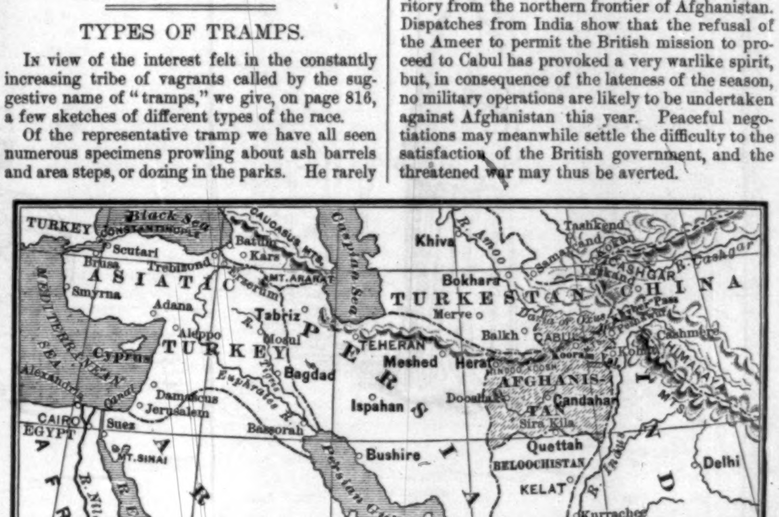
Returning from the theatre or a ball, a skimpy little woman approaches you in Fifth Avenue with a small box containing cakes of toilet soap, which she flatters with the names of choice brands, and begs you to become a purchaser. It is a solemn thing thus in the still hours of the night, in the deserted and silent streets, to be exhorted by a lady in reduced circumstances to have a care for your personal cleanliness. We once bought a small brick-colored slab named Brown Windsor from this person, and, on subsequently using it, found that it removed the skin, and left a thick red sediment at the bottom of the wash-basin.

The tramp who sells lead-pencils is usually of the Irish persuasion, and has a superlative manner of either extreme depression or reckless good humor. The pencils he sells cut paper like a diamond, and cost at wholesale from six to ten cents per dozen, but he, honest fellow, is ready to sacrifice them for five cents apiece, unless, as a noble gentleman, you are disposed to pay ten. "I am awfully hard up, boss; just buy one to help a poor fellow along," he will say, with all the familiar frankness of an old friend you may have known in happier days. He haunts bar-rooms and restaurants, and has no mawkish affectation on the subject of temperance.

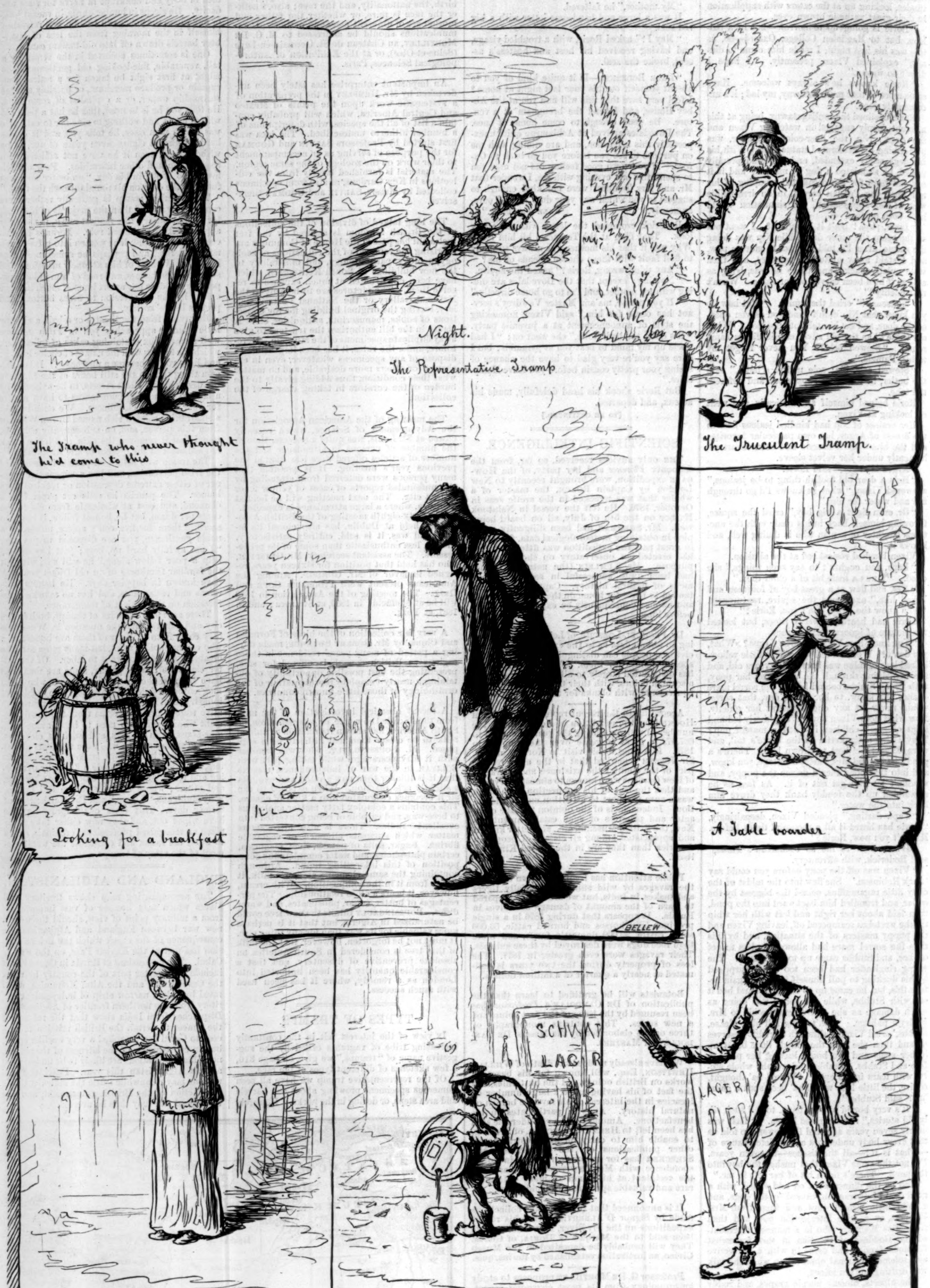
There are many varieties of tramps, both in the city and country, and the question is, Where do they come from? Many of them are honest men who can not obtain work, but many more are idle creatures who do not want to labor. Of the latter class, the tramps proper, some are men who have been in the army, or workmen who from long enforced idleness have lost the habits of industry; but the larger number of the representative tramps probably come from the rowdy element which years ago used to hang around engine-houses, run to fires, and work at elections. Many of them are men who were the tools of politicians—the "bully" boys, strikers, shoulder-hitters, and what not, who made a living by overawing and sponging upon city officials, bar-keepers, and others; whose ideals were the Bill Pooles, Billy Mulligans, "Figsys," and Pat Matthewses of former days. This class our improved police have wiped out, and they now either take their place as recognized professional criminals, or go to swell the ranks and constitute the worst element of the army of tramps.

ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.

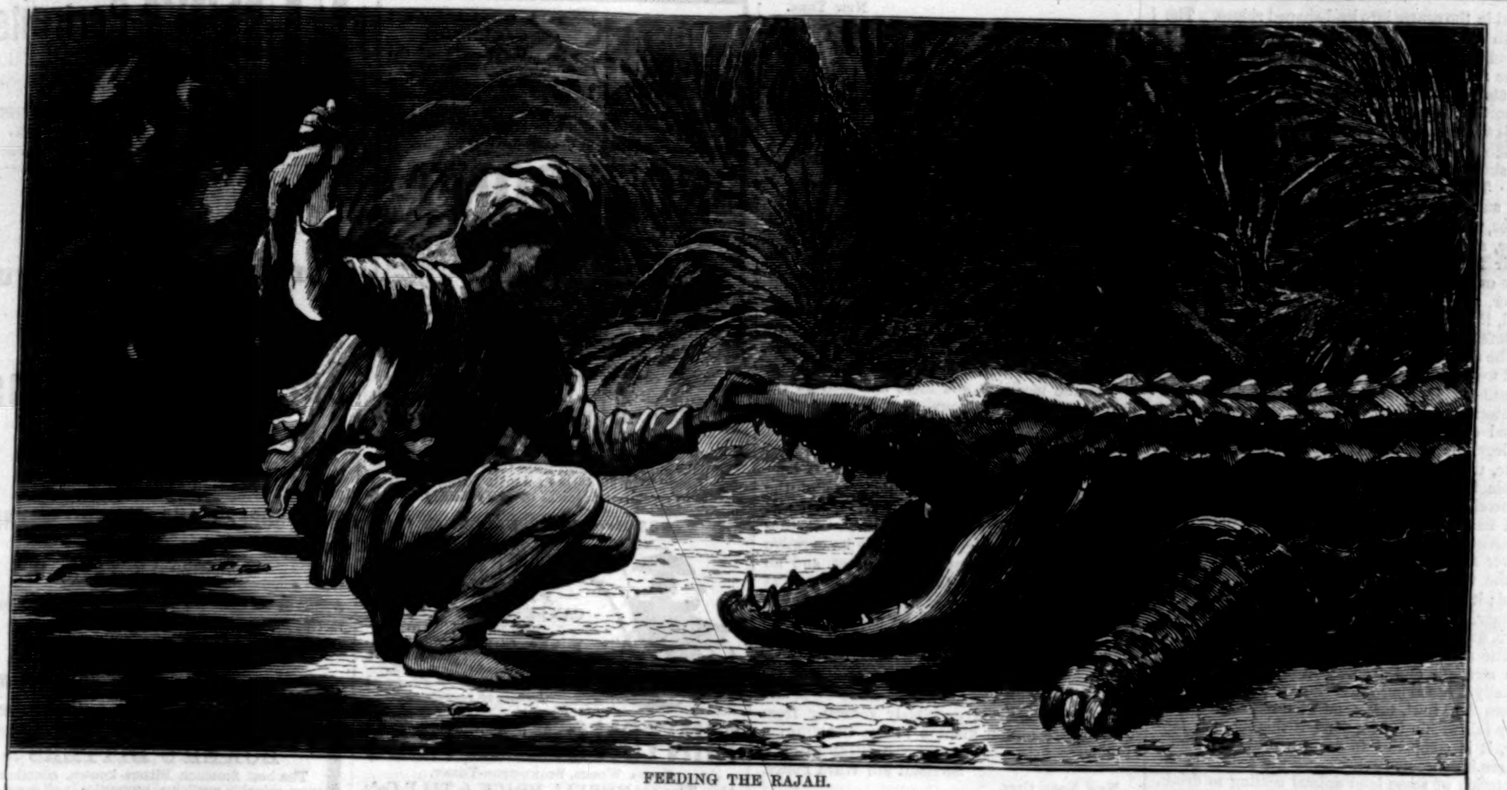
The accompanying map shows territory and places which may become of vast importance, from a military point of view, should there be a new war between England and Afghanistan in consequence of the check which the British mission has met at the Khyber Pass, on the way to Cabul. The possessions of Russia in Central Asia include the greater part of the country between the Caspian Sea and the Altaï Mountains, separated by only a narrow strip of independent territory from the northern frontier of Afghanistan. Dispatches from India show that the refusal of the Ameer to permit the British mission to proceed to Cabul has provoked a very warlike spirit, but, in consequence of the lateness of the season, no military operations are likely to be undertaken against Afghanistan this year. Peaceful negotiations may meanwhile settle the difficulty to the satisfaction of the British government, and the threatened war may thus be averted.



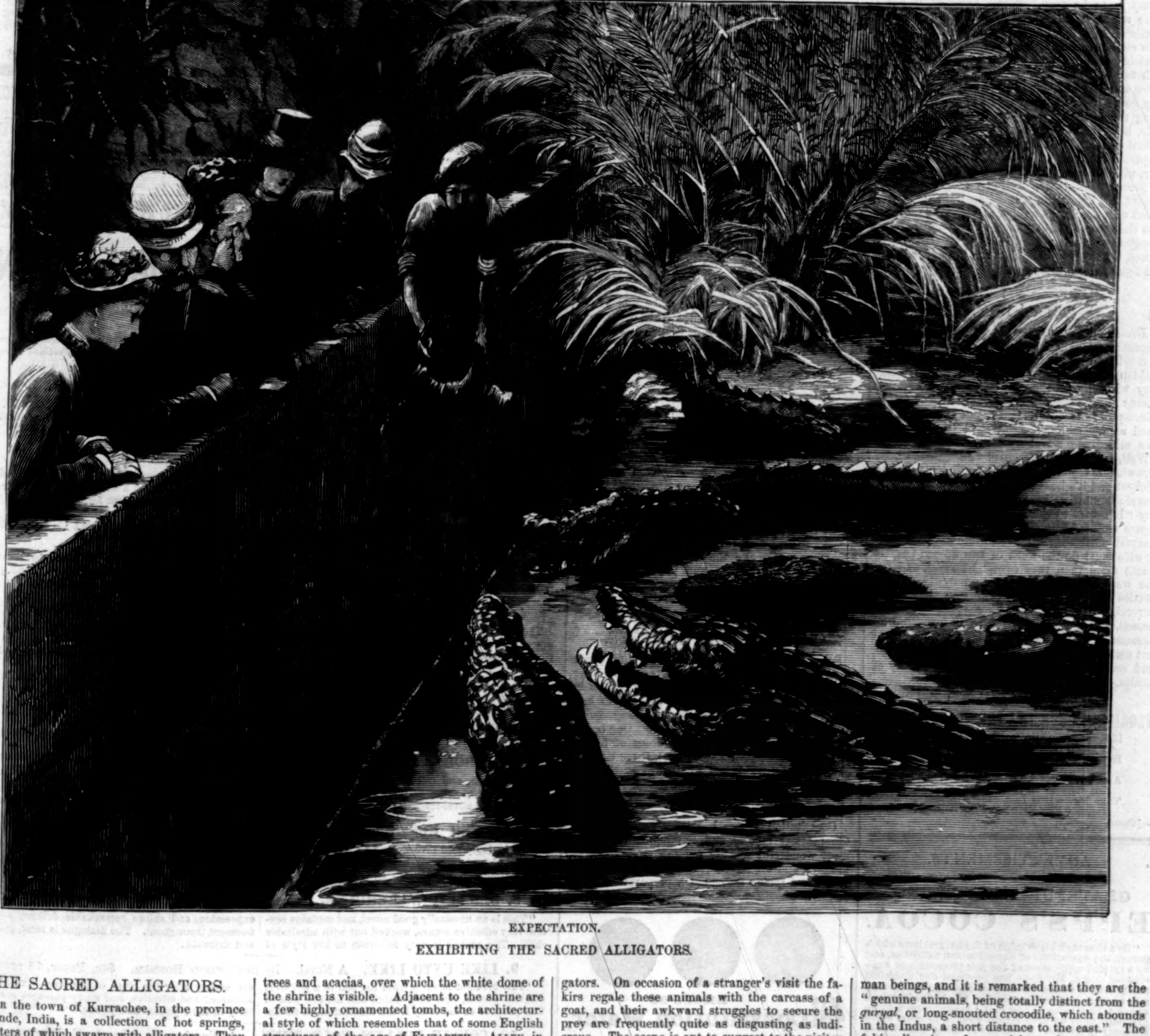
MAP SHOWING THE RELATIONS OF RUSSIA AND ENGLAND IN THE EAST.


The Tramp who never thought he'd come to this
Night.
The Truculent Tramp.
The Representative Tramp
BELLEW
Looking for a breakfast
A Table boarder
The female Tramp who peddles toilet soap at midnight
SCHWA
LAGER
"Getting his early Lager
LAGER BIER
The Tramp who peddles lead pencils that won't mark

TYPES OF TRAMPS.—DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.—[SEE PAGE 815.]



FEEDING THE RAJAH.



EXPECTATION.

EXHIBITING THE SACRED ALLIGATORS.

THE SACRED ALLIGATORS.

Near the town of Kurrachee, in the province of Scinde, India, is a collection of hot springs, the waters of which swarm with alligators. They belong to several fakirs, who have attached themselves to the tomb of a Mohammedan considered by his countrymen to have been a peculiarly holy character. From this comes the name Muggea Peer, by which the place is popularly known among Europeans, being a corruption of Magar Peer, or Pir, "the alligator's saint." These thermal springs are situated among rocky and very barren hills, and spring out of the bottom of a small fertile valley, thickly wooded with date-trees and acacias, over which the white dome of the shrine is visible. Adjacent to the shrine are a few highly ornamented tombs, the architectural style of which resembles that of some English structures of the age of Elizabeth. Allen, in describing them, says, "The devices were principally scroll and diamond work; the carving, though not very bold, was elaborate in design and neatly executed." The principal spring, which issues from the rock on which the shrine is built, has a temperature of about 98°, the water being perfectly clear, with a sulphurous smell. Another spring, about half a mile distant, has a temperature of 130°. The water is received into tanks, which form a pleasant retreat for the alligators. On occasion of a stranger's visit the fakirs regale these animals with the carcass of a goat, and their awkward struggles to secure the prey are frequently quite as disgusting as ludicrous. The scene is apt to suggest to the visitor what his own fate would be if by any chance he were to fall amid those gaping jaws. At the time our drawing was made there was one alligator at the springs, a very old fellow, either too lazy or too weak to scramble with the others. He was called the "rajah," and had for his own special attendant a "padre," or priest, who would open the creature's mouth with one hand, and throw the food down his throat with the other. The alligators are very tame, and never hurt human beings, and it is remarked that they are the "genuine animals, being totally distinct from the *guryal*, or long-snouted crocodile, which abounds in the Indus, a short distance to the east." The fakirs live in a few mud huts, the only human habitations in the vicinity.

Notwithstanding the distinction that is made between alligators and crocodiles they are alike in all essential points. There are, however, apparently several species belonging to the order *Sauria*, family *Crocodilidæ*, of which the alligator is one, the general plan of structure being the same as that of the lizard. The alligator has a long flat head, thick neck and body, protected by regular transverse rows of square bony plates, raised in the centre into keel-shaped ridges. The mouth is extremely large, extending considerably behind the eyes, and furnished in each jaw with a single row of pointed teeth, all of different sizes, and standing apart from each other. The tongue is short and fleshy, and firmly attached to the under jaw throughout, so as to be incapable of protrusion; the eyes are placed in the upper part of the skull, and provided each with three distinct lids. The tail is strongly compressed on the sides, and surmounted with a double series of strong plates, which, converging toward the middle, there unite, and form a single row to the extremity. Their feet are webbed, but it is to the tail that they owe most of their progressive power in the water, and though it impedes their motions on land, it there often becomes a powerful weapon of defense.

The alligator is prodigiously strong, and its natural weapons, both offensive and defensive, are irresistible. Its ordinary length is from fifteen to eighteen feet, though occasionally individuals are found of much greater size. The shortness of its legs, the vertebral conformation of the backbone, the muscles of the legs, and, in short, its whole frame, are calculated for amazing force. Its teeth are exceedingly dangerous, its claws long and tenacious; but the principal instrument of destruction is the terrible tail, with which it has power to overturn a canoe. Its proper element is the water, but it is also very formidable on land; it seldom, however, unless when pressed by hunger, or seeking an opportunity to deposit its eggs, quits the water.

The most extraordinary accounts are given of the strength and ferocity of the alligator. It usually floats along the surface of the water, and seizes fish, fowl, turtle, or whatever other prey may fall within its reach; but this method failing, it is compelled to venture near the shore, where it conceals itself among the sedges in expectation of some land animal coming to drink. As the victim approaches, nothing of its horrible enemy is to be seen. When, however, it has come within a suitable distance, the voracious reptile springs forward with much more agility than might reasonably be expected from such an unwieldy creature, and having secured its prey with teeth and claws, instantly plunges into the water and drags its prize to the bottom, where it may gorge itself at leisure. In its depredations along the banks of a stream it sometimes happens, however, that an alligator seizes upon an animal as formidable as itself, and meets with a desperate resistance. With the tiger, in particular, which has a habit of lurking in the vicinity of great rivers, it has frequent contests. The instant this animal finds itself assaulted it turns about with prodigious agility, and forces its claws into the eyes of the assailant, which immediately plunges into the water, where the struggle continues, usually resulting, however, in the death of the tiger by drowning.

THAT BOY.

Dramatis Personæ.—A young American in roundabout and leggings, perched upon the fence devouring a huge piece of mince-pie, and a maiden of five summers, in pantalettes, looking very wishfully at the gourmand on the fence. *Young America.* "I say, sis, does your mar make mince-pies? If she does, I'll bet they ain't so good as my mar's." *Little Miss* (timidly). "I like mince-pie awful well." *Young America.* "Well, now, that's funny! Just look here (drawing a quarter of a pie out of his jacket pocket), and it's boss too! Ain't my mar good?" (carefully stowing it away in his pocket). That boy "is father to the man," who must have his cigars and any other masculine luxury his contemptible selfishness craves, while his poor sickly wife must do the work of two women ("girls waste more than they earn," he says), and for the want of a little money to purchase a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the sovereign remedy for female diseases and weaknesses, she is literally dying by inches—and all because of that masculine selfishness that would not divide the childish luxury with his playmate, and now tacitly refuses his wife the luxury of health.—[*Com.*]

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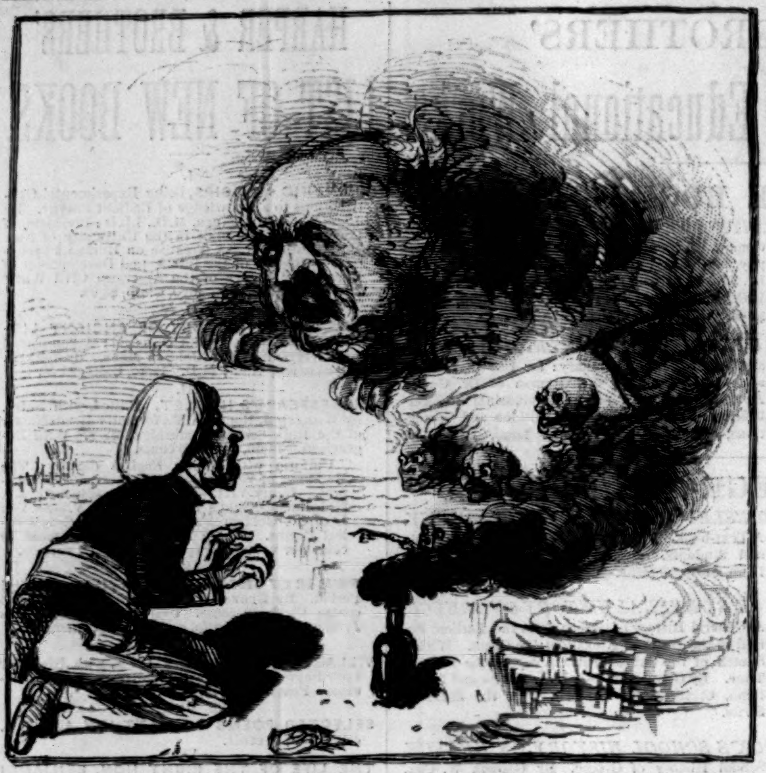

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Gentlemen,—About three months ago I commenced using your Anti-Fat, at which time my weight was 219 pounds. By following your directions carefully, I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find, to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee-sack on a bean-pole; and when I put the pants on—well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have something of the kind, as it would be an inducement for many to use the Anti-Fat who now object to using it in consequence of the loss they would sustain in throwing aside valuable garments. Just turn this matter over in your mind. A "Clothing Exchange" is what you want in connection with your Anti-Fat business.

Yours truly,
GEORGE BOYD.

We might go on and quote hundreds of similar expressions from those who have used this positive remedy for corpulency, and bear testimony of its wonderful power over this condition of the system.

This specific remedy is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, is PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and will occasion no discomfort. It greatly aids digestion, acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into fat, and is a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

No particular change of diet is required while using it.

Since writing our first little circular treatise upon the subject of Corpulency, many hundreds of cases have come under our personal observation, and in all good results have followed the use of the Anti-Fat. In no case has any unpleasant or injurious effect been produced. Instead of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore at once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulency would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite as natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, *i. e.,* that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulency is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits, and physical comforts.

A very extensive observation has convinced us since our first circular treatise was issued, that in the majority of cases the Anti-Fat must be taken for from two to three, and, in rare cases, even four weeks before the patient will begin to notice much reduction of flesh, after which the loss goes on rapidly—generally from three to five pounds a week. In some cases the diminution in weight commences from the first two or three days' use of it. We therefore advise those who contemplate using the Anti-Fat to make a careful note of their weight, and after two or three weeks' treatment commence observations. Improvement will soon be observed. A large saving in expense may be made by purchasing the Anti-Fat of the druggist by the half-dozen or dozen bottles.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., PROPRIETORS,
Buffalo, N. Y.

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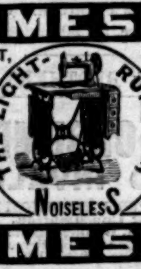

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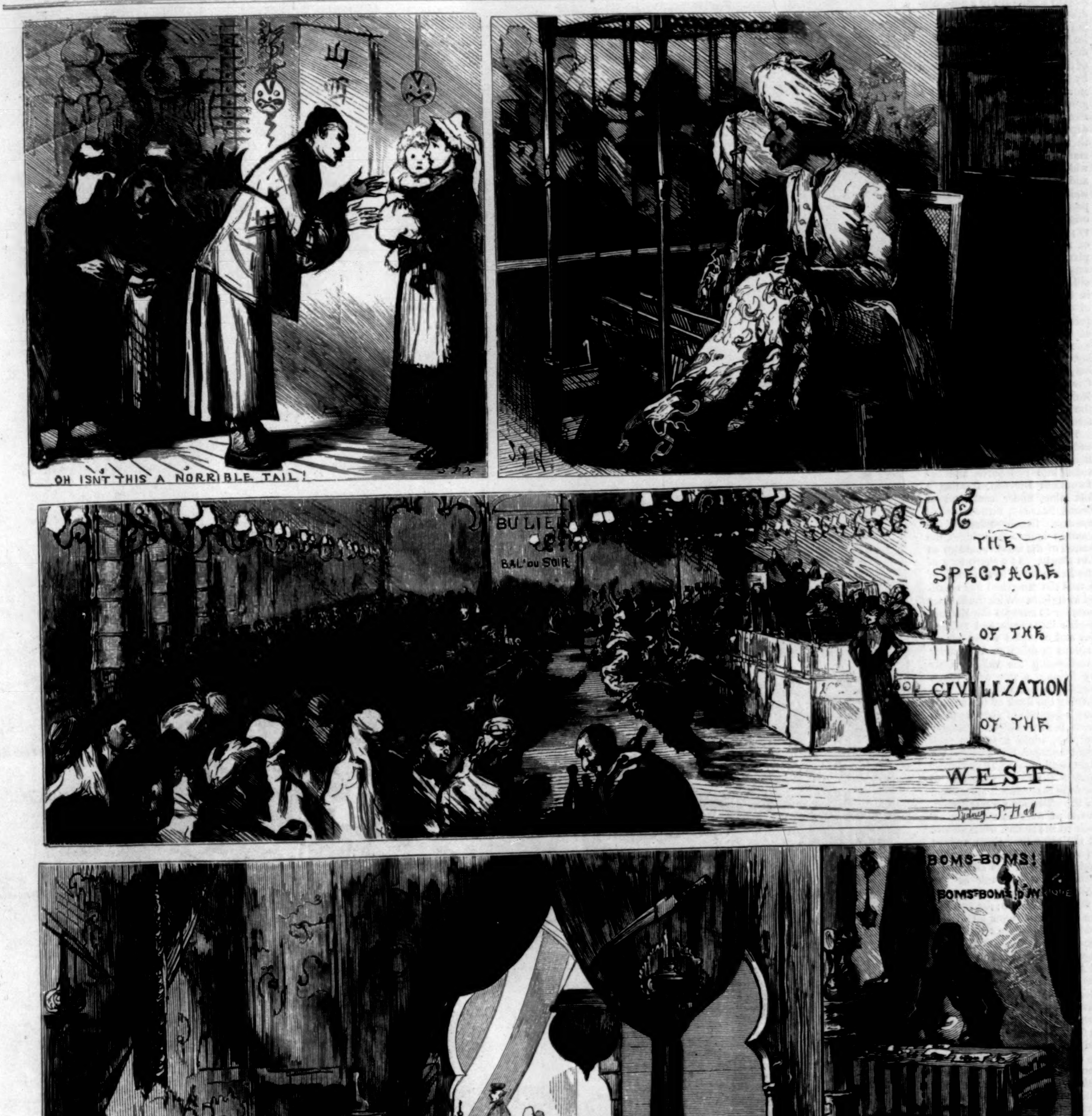

OH ISN'T THIS A HORRIBLE TAIL!
BU LIER
BAL DU SOIR
THE SPECTACLE OF THE CIVILIZATION OF THE WEST
Sydney P. Hall
BOMS-BOMS!
MOORISH WORKWOMEN
"Non sono Christiane"
SYMPATHY
OR, "THE PRESENTS OF ORMUS AND OF IND"

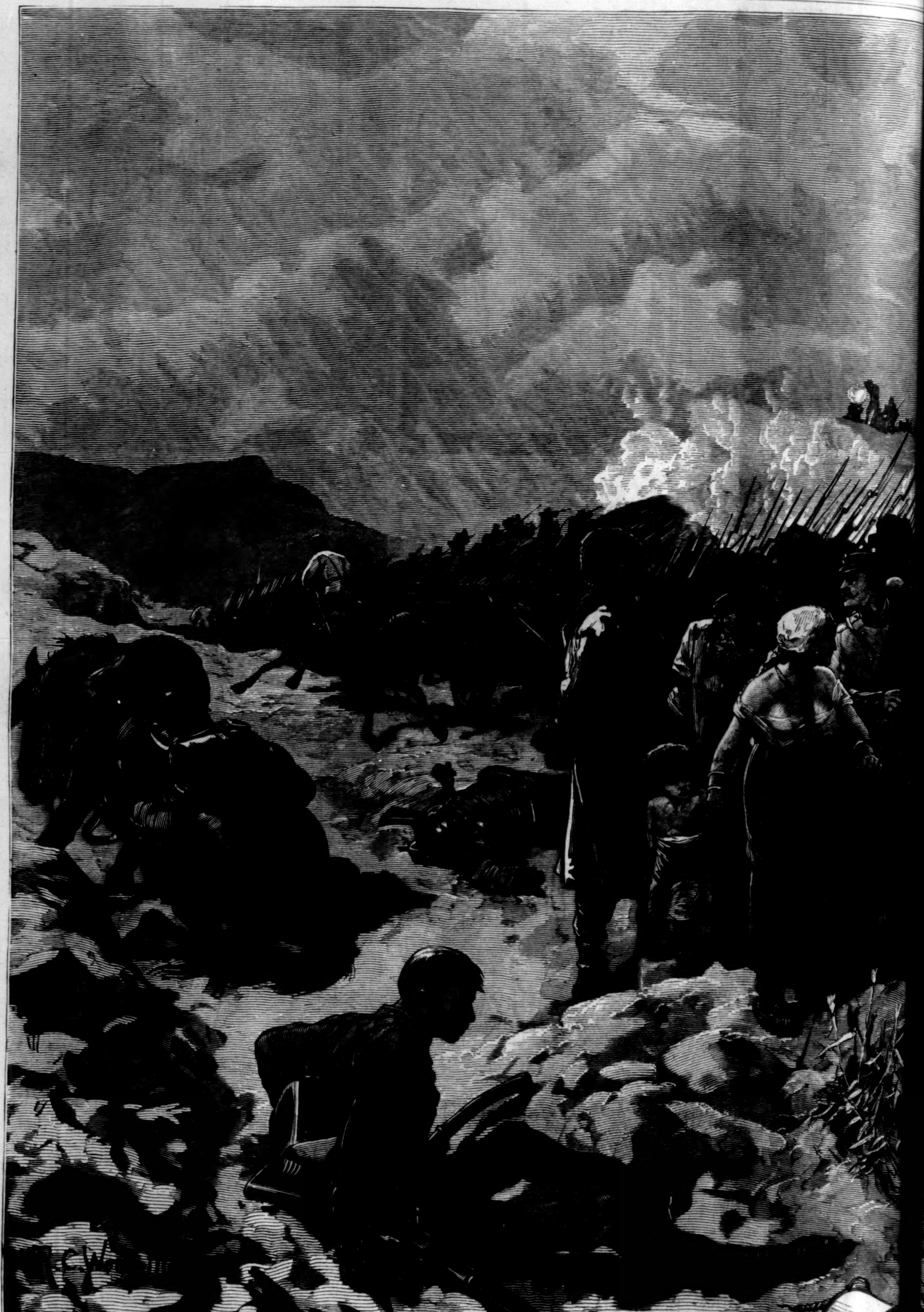
SCENES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES IN PARIS DURING THE EXPOSITION.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

It would appear that the terrible struggles of the Russo-Turkish war have closed only to be followed by a series of conflicts equally bloody, even though they involve fewer numbers, between Austria and the insurgent population of Bosnia. The scene depicted in our double-page engraving, showing the manner in which the column under General SZAPARY made its retreat from Tuzla toward Doboj, is only one among many quite as horrible that have been enacted since the last days of July.

Our readers will remember that it was on the 29th of that month that the main division of the army of occupation, under command of General Baron PHILIPPOVICH, crossed the river Save at Brod. On the following day the troops began their march due south toward Derbent. Here they were compelled to pause on account of the heavy rains that had broken up the lines of communication. As soon as these were repaired the march was continued in the direction of the Bosna Valley. The population generally of the places occupied were, thanks to the tact and friendly spirit displayed by both officers and men, readily gained over to Austria. This was especially the case of the classes possessed of property. Already on the 1st of August General PHILIPPOVICH had dispatched from the camp at Derbent the head of the General Staff, Captain MILLINKOVICH, with a squadron of the Seventh Regiment of Hussars as a reconnoitring force into the Bosna Valley, not only for the purpose of obtaining correct information regarding the effect of the storm on the bridges and roads, but also of making known the Austrian proclamation to the people of the different localities through which he should pass, and of preparing them for the approach of the imperial troops. The same head of the staff was also instructed to make inquiry in the larger inhabited places—Doboj, Maglaj, and Zepce—what provisions could there be obtained, so as to lighten the burden of sending supplies after them on their march. Every where, in appearance, he was gladly received. At Maglaj in particular the Kaimakam and the leading citizens expressed their unconditional submission, declared themselves ready to guarantee a peaceful reception to the army, and also promised to furnish supplies in large quantities.

Unfortunately for the troops at Derbent the night of August 1 was exceedingly wet. They were partially protected, however, by huts built of branches—the Austrian government not providing tents for its soldiers—and in the morning



THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA—GE

started southward in a good condition, their objective point being Doboj. This town needs no introduction to the historical student. It was here that the might of the Bosnian kings was broken by the Hungarians under SIGISMUND in a battle which was begun on the great plain of the river Bosna, and ended in the capture of the castle that was then a powerful fortress. It stands on a little spur of rock which juts out above the village and over the valley. The main walls are still in a fair state of preservation, and testify to the original excellence of the masonry; but the interior is grown full of nettles and other poisonous plants, and one has to feel one's way step by step. A number of old brass cannon are lying about in the bushes, and a collection of granite projectiles recalls the primitive condition of ordnance at the time when this fortress was the key to the Bosna Valley. The town itself is now only a group of wooden hovels, but the population is largely Mohammedan, and was, until the Austrians approached, extremely fanatical.

The arrival at Doboj was the end of the peaceful advance into Bosnia. The army was now divided into two parts, and the Twentieth Division, forming a left wing, under command of Count SZAPARY, turned toward the east. In consequence of the damage done to the bridges, the march of the troops could go on but slowly. At a sharp turn of the Bosna River to the north of Kosna the van-guard was assailed with shots. With the instinct peculiar to savages the Mohammedan insurgents had marked out and occupied a very advantageous position on a declivity overhanging the valley. Only by forcing a way over rough wooded mountains, and thus turning the flank of the enemy, was it possible to dislodge them from their position. For this purpose, while a reserve regiment engaged the enemy in a light continuous fight, the larger part of the forces were sent to perform that difficult movement. In the afternoon several detachments of reserves made an attack on the enemy, while almost at the same time there arrived an advanced guard of another regiment, which was advancing along the right bank of the Bosna. The battle then took a favorable course; by evening the insurgents were all driven from their positions and pursued toward Kosna. This engagement took place on the 4th of August, and on the 8th there was a similar one at Hanperkovach. The following day there was a very obstinate conflict before Tuzla, which lasted off and on for forty-eight hours. At the end of that time the exhaustion of the troops and the insurmountable difficulties connected with the transportation of supplies, most of the beasts employed in this service having succumbed to the hardships of the way, induced General SZAPARY, for the sake of securing the line of communication still open to him, to fall back upon Gracanica. On the 13th they encountered a hostile force, and were vigorously attacked. Fortunately the assailants were repulsed, and on the following day the division continued its march to Doboj on account of a lack of ammunition. The troops, who were worn out with fatigue, effected the march in excellent order, though they were constantly harassed by bands of insurgents. All the wounded officers and soldiers and the entire train were safely brought back, though in accomplishing this task the troops, with much labor and self-sacrifice, had themselves to drag or push the wagons along over very bad roads.

During the time that General SZAPARY was thus engaged with the insurgents in the neighborhood of Gracanica, the main column under General PHILIPPOVICH was meeting with the most furious opposition to its advance southward. After leaving Doboj, the first important point on their route was Maglaj. This, however, they reached at the cost of one bloody skirmish. Maglaj lies on the east side of the Bosna and is charmingly situated. Like Doboj, it has an old castle, but it is better preserved, and is now occupied by a company of soldiers. It would appear that there was once a plan formed for building a bridge across the river—perhaps in the time of MAHMOUD or some other reformer—for on the west side, where the road runs, lies a great heap of finished building stone, which would have made satisfactory piers and abutments. The town itself is nearly deserted by its Mohammedan population. In the case of the men, the official theory is that they have run away to escape punishment at the hands of the Austrians, and interpreting Austrian justice by their own, have taken with them for security their wives and children; but more confidence is to be given to the supposition that they have simply left home to join the "insurgent" bands.

After leaving Maglaj, the next objective point was Zepce; but between these two towns the road cuts across a broad bend in the river, and over an extremely wild and mountainous country. This the insurgents defended inch by inch with valor and desperation. Their numbers are fixed by the Austrian staff at from 5000 to 6000, among whom was a large force of Turkish regulars, with several officers in full uniform. They also had several pieces of artillery and some cavalry. The first attack was made in the morning, near Maglaj, and began with a furious and well-directed artillery fire, which covered the head-quarters, and for a time placed General PHILIPPOVICH himself in great danger. Under an infantry charge the Turks fell back to their next position. In the mean time two flanking columns had been put in motion, one on the left of the valley of the Bosna; while the other, on the right, skirted along the ridge of hills overlooking the pass. Both
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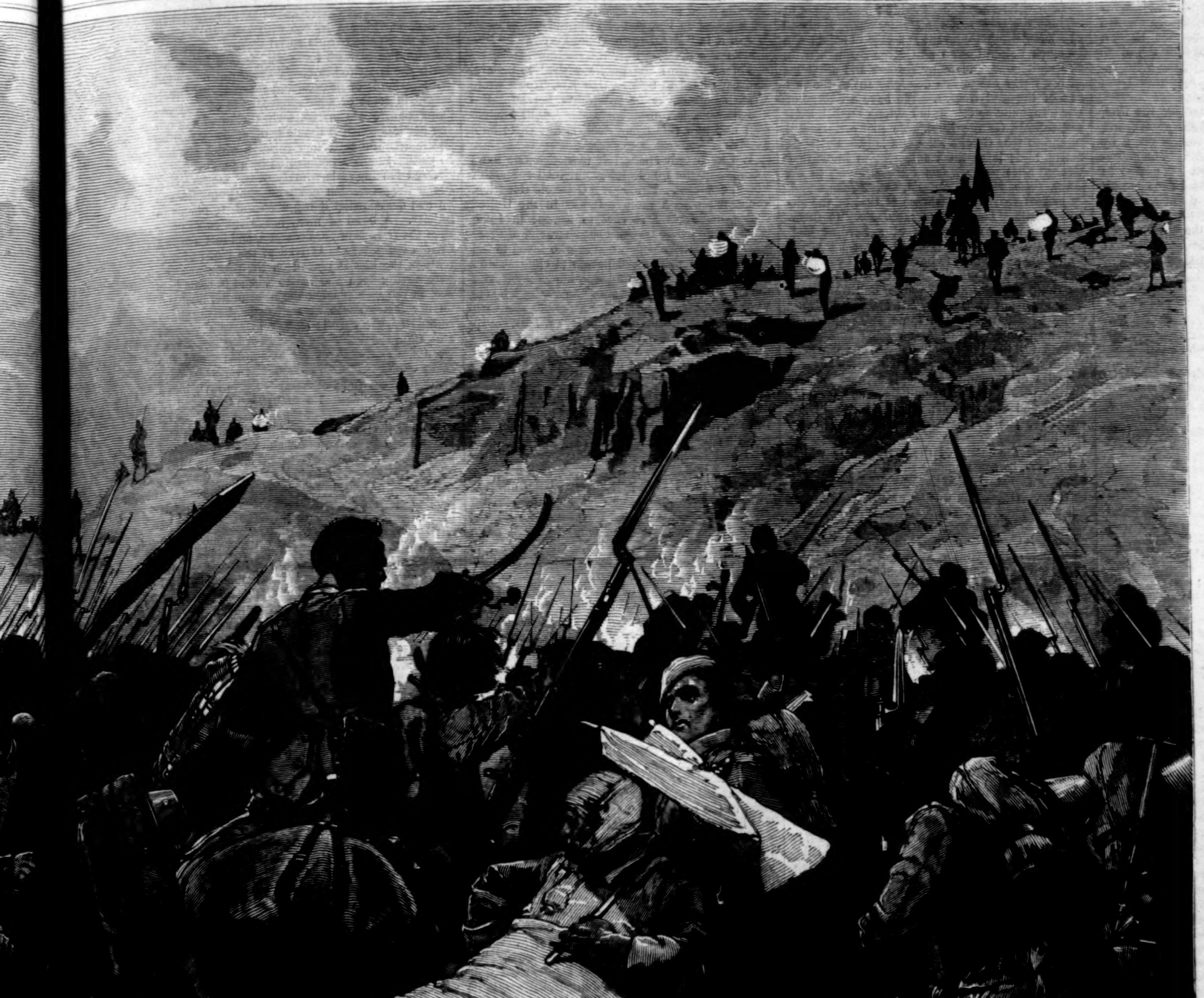

NIA—GE L SZAPARY'S RETREAT TO DOBOJ.

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ince. The newspapers at Vienna hailed it as a significant victory, and a most enthusiastic description appeared in the *Tagblatt*, from which we quote the following interesting details:

"According to the statements of those taken prisoners, the number of the insurgents who fought at Zepce amounted to 6500. Besides the trophies already reported, the Twenty-seventh Jäger Battalion captured four munition wagons, together with the horses. The insurgents who crossed the river by a ford above a Turkish cemetery retreated in far better order than those of the left wing, who, hard pressed by the battalion under Colonel VON HARTUNG, fled in complete disorder toward Golubinje. Arms, baggage, and munition pouches, lying in irregular heaps as they had been thrown away, marked the track the insurgents had followed, and betokened the haste with which they had fled from their pursuing victors. Little bundles of Kaimés or Turkish paper money were also picked up, not, however, the issue of the Ottoman Bank in Constantinople, but a kind prepared at Serajevo, and compulsorily put in circulation throughout Bosnia. A red silk flag, bearing the inscription, 'Death to the foreigner!' was also captured, and a number of important documents in the Turkish language was taken possession of. The troops who with such surprising dexterity succeeded in making prisoners the regular Turkish battalion form the second company, under the command of Captain SCHMIDT, belonging to the Twenty-seventh Jäger Battalion, and the same body escorted their captives to Maglaj. They have been interned in the fortress there, to be supported at the expense of the community. The insurgents found with arms in their hands have been tried by court-martial. One of them was lately executed. This morning two other insurgents were shot. One of them, a gray-headed Zaptieh sixty-three years old, was one of the murderers of Lieutenant Count CHORINSKY, of the Hussar squadron, whose boots he was found wearing. The other was a young insurgent leader, who, having been wounded at the capture of Maglaj, had hidden himself among the brush-wood on the Bosnian bank, where he was found, with 14,500 florins which he had plundered. He having been convicted of being one of the murderers of Lieutenant HAYDECK, the commander-in-chief could not extend him pardon."

The 8th of August was a propitious date for the Austrians; for on the same day an auxiliary column, under command of General TEGETHOFF, which had crossed the Save at Alt. Gradiska, encountered the insurgents at Jaicze, and defeated them, after a battle lasting nine hours, in which 500 men were killed and wounded and 700 taken prisoners.

In the mean time, while these events were taking place in Bosnia, another division of the Austrian army, commanded by General JOVANOVICH, was entering Herzegovina from Dalmatia, and marching toward Mostar, the capital of that province. Toward the latter part of July a large body of troops had taken up their position along the Dalmatian frontier. In the last days of this same month the various divisions of this body, having studiously concealed all knowledge of their operations, started from different points toward Vergoracs, where they concentrated their forces, and on the 1st of August crossed the border. On this occasion an unusually trying plan of march had been arranged for the troops; but in spite of the extremely difficult nature of the ground to be passed over, excessive heat, severe storms by night, and deficiency of good water, the programme was carried out remarkably well. The instructions of the commanding general, Field-Marshal JOVANOVICH, which were to advance with the utmost possible circumspection, and to prosecute the work connected with the occupation in the most peaceful manner, rendered it necessary to delay a day at Ljubuski, whither the division, after crossing the frontier on the 2d of August, was directed, difficulties having presented themselves in connection with the accommodation of the troops at Mostar. Meanwhile serious disturbances had broken out in that town, caused by the agitations of fugitive Turks from Niksic. To these tumults several prominent officials there—among them a Kaimakam—who were willing to submit to the Austrian occupation, fell victims. A certain ALIEVAZ ALI EFFENDI usurped the direction of affairs in the town, and the Imperial consul-general had to flee to Metkovich. In face of these events Field-Marshal JOVANOVICH, at the head of the whole division, on the 3d of August began his march thither, reaching Cerna that same day. On the 4th the advanced guard (the mountain brigade of Colonel VON KLIMBURG) with a Jäger battalion commanded by Lieutenant VON KLOSS, encountered an armed insurgent force of from 500 to 600 men occupying Citluk, who received them with a volley of rifle-shots. An engagement ensued, resulting in the expulsion of the insurgents from their good position, the Austrian losses being four men wounded, of the Jäger battalion. Two houses of the Place Brotno during the fight caught fire. The division remained at Citluk on the 4th, and on the 5th of August resumed their march toward Mostar. By afternoon the Second Brigade took possession of all the heights commanding the town, while the commander dispatched General THEODOROVICH at the head of a mountain brigade direct into the place itself, his march being covered by the Second Brigade. There was, however, no resistance; for deputies fully empowered by the town came out and declared their complete submission. General THEODOROVICH then occupied it that same evening, the Second Brigade keeping their posts on the hills, and the Third, under General VON SCHLUDERER, making their encampment in the Jesenica Valley. On the 7th of August the entry of the whole division under General JOVANOVICH was effected. Deputations from all classes, the clergy of all creeds, and the foreign consuls resident there, came and sought audience at head-quarters. The occupation was carried out in excellent order, with the apparent sympathy of all grades of the population, who formed lines on each side of the